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1957

Gone / Ferlin Husky - **Loving You** / Elvis Presley - **Too Much** / Elvis Presley - **Bye Bye Love** / Everly Brothers - **Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On** / Jerry Lee Lewis - **Walkin' After Midnight** / Patsy Cline - **Wake Up Little Susie** / Everly Brothers - **Jailhouse Rock** / Elvis Presley - **I Walk the Line** / Johnny Cash - **All Shook Up** / Elvis Presley - **Crazy Arms** / Ray Price - **Searching** / Kitty Wells.

1958

Guess Things Happen That Way / Johnny Cash - **Bird Dog** / Everly Brothers - **City Lights** / Ray Price - **Oh, Lonesome Me** / Don Gibson - **All I Have To Do Is Dream** / Everly Brothers - **Wake Up Little Susie** / Everly Brothers - **Blue, Blue Day** / Don Gibson - **Wear My Ring Around Your Neck** / Elvis Presley - **Breathless** / Jerry Lee Lewis.

1959

Heartaches By the Number / Ray Price - **Life To Go** / Stonewall Jackson - **Momma For A Day** / Kitty Wells - **Waterloo** / Stonewall Jackson - **When It's Springtime in Alaska** / Johnny Horton - **City Lights** / Ray Price - **Battle of New Orleans** / Johnny Horton - **White Lightning** / George Jones - **Don't Take Your Guns to Town** / Johnny Cash - **Billy Bayou** / Jim Reeves - **Tennessee Stud** / Eddy Arnold - **Under Your Spell Again** / Buck Owens.

1960

Above and Beyond / Buck Owens - **Amigo's Guitar** / Kitty Wells - **On the Wings of a Dove** / Ferlin Husky - **Please Help Me, I'm Falling** / Hank Locklin - **I'm Getting Better** / Jim Reeves - **Miller's Cave** / Hank Snow - **Why I'm Walkin'** / Stonewall Jackson - **Excuse Me (I Think I've Got A Heartache)** / Buck Owens - **Tip of my Fingers** / Bill Anderson - **Just One Time** / Don Gibson - **El Paso** / Marty Robbins.

1961

Foolin' Around / Buck Owens - **Don't Worry** / Marty Robbins - **Under the Influence of Love** / Buck Owens - **I Fall To Pieces** / Patsy Cline - **On The Wings of A Dove** / Ferlin Husky - **Big Bad John** / Jimmy Dean - **Hello Walls** / Faron Young - **The Blizzard** / Jim Reeves - **San Antonio Rose** / Floyd Cramer - **Heartbreak U.S.A.** / Kitty Wells - **I Missed Me** / Jim Reeves - **North To Alaska** / Johnny Horton.

1962

She Thinks I Still Care / George Jones - **Charlie's Shoes** / Billy Walker - **She's Got You** / Patsy Cline - **A Wound Time Can't Erase** / Stonewall Jackson - **Lonesome Number One** / Don Gibson - **Crazy** / Patsy Cline - **Wolverton Mountain** / Claude King - **Adios Amigo** / Jim Reeves - **Losing Your Love** / Jim Reeves - **Misery Loves Company** / Porter Wagoner - **A Little Bitty Tear Let Me Down** / Burl Ives - **Devil Woman** / Marty Robbins.

1963

Still / Bill Anderson - **Act Naturally** / Buck Owens - **Make the World Go Away** / Ray Price - **Ring of Fire** / Johnny Cash - **You Comb Her Hair** / George Jones - **Six Days on the Road** / Dave Dudley - **Not What I Had In Mind** / George Jones - **Ballad of Jed Clampett** / Lester Flatt & Earl Scruggs - **Guilty** / Jim Reeves - **From A Jack to A King** / Ned Miller - **Detroit City** / Bobby Bare - **Sweet Dreams (Of You)** / Patsy Cline.

1964

Together Again / Buck Owens - **Burning Memories** / Ray Price - **This White Circle on My Finger** / Kitty Wells - **My Heart Skips A Beat** / Buck Owens - **I Guess I'm Crazy** / Jim Reeves - **B.J. the D.J.** / Stonewall Jackson - **Welcome To My World** / Jim Reeves - **Understand Your Man** / Johnny Cash - **I Don't Care** / Buck Owens - **Password** / Kitty Wells - **Don't Be Angry** / Stonewall Jackson - **Love's Gonna Live Here** / Buck Owens.

1965

I've Got A Tiger By the Tail / Buck Owens - **King of the Road** / Roger Miller - **Blue Kentucky Girl** / Loretta Lynn - **The Other Woman** / Ray Price - **The First Thing Ev'ry Morning** / Jimmy Dean - **Yakety Axe** / Chet Atkins - **What's He Doing in My World** / Eddy Arnold - **Happy Birthday** / Loretta Lynn - **Things Have Gone To Pieces** / George Jones - **The Bridge Washed Out** / Warner Mack - **Ribbon of Darkness** / Marty Robbins - **Is It Really Over** / Jim Reeves.

1966

Swinging Doors / Merle Haggard - **Almost Persuaded** / David Houston - **Snowflake** / Jim Reeves - **You Ain't Woman Enough** / Loretta Lynn - **Distant Drums** / Jim Reeves - **Skid Row Joe** / Porter Wagoner - **Think Of Me** / Buck Owens - **Waitin' In Your Welfare Line** / Buck Owens - **Way To Survive** / Ray Price - **I Want To Go With You** / Eddy Arnold - **The Tips of My Fingers** / Eddy Arnold - **The Last Word in Lonesome Is Me** / Eddy Arnold.

1967

All the Time / Jack Greene - **Sam's Place** / Buck Owens - **Branded Man** / Merle Haggard - **There Goes My Everything** / Jack Greene - **I Know One** / Charley Pride - **Jackson** / Johnny Cash & June Carter - **Lonely Again** / Eddy Arnold - **Get While the Gettin's Good** / Bill Anderson - **My Elusive Dreams** / David Houston & Tammy Wynette - **With One Exception** / David Houston - **If You're Not Gone Too Long** / Loretta Lynn.

1968

Mama Tried / Merle Haggard - **Harper Valley P.T.A.** / Jeannie C. Riley - **The Legend of Bonnie and Clyde** / Merle Haggard - **Wild Weekend** / Bill Anderson - **Just For You** / Ferlin Husky - **Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye** / Eddy Arnold - **I Wanna Live** / Glen Campbell - **Only Daddy That'll Walk the Line** / Waylon Jennings - **Take Me to Your World** / Tammy Wynette - **Folsom Prison Blues** / Johnny Cash - **The Day the World Stood Still** / Charley Pride - **Happy State of Mind** / Bill Anderson.

1969

My Life (Throw It Away If I Want To) / Bill Anderson - **Since I Met You Baby** / Sonny James - **My Woman's Good To Me** / David Houston - **Only the Lonely** / Sonny James - **Running Bear** / Sonny James - **Kewliga** / Charley Pride - **Daddy Sang Bass** / Johnny Cash - **Johnny B. Goode** / Buck Owens - **A Boy Named Sue** / Johnny Cash - **All I Have To Offer You (Is Me)** / Charley Pride - **Tall Dark Stranger** / Buck Owens - **Who's Gonna Mow the Grass** / Buck Owens.

1970

Hello Darlin' / Conway Twitty - **It's Just A Matter of Time** / Sonny James - **My Woman, My Woman, My Wife** / Marty Robbins - **For the Good Times** / Ray Price - **Run Woman Run** / Tammy Wynette - **Snowbird** / Anne Murray - **Don't Keep Me Hangin' On** / Sonny James - **My Love** / Sonny James - **If I Were A Carpenter** / Johnny Cash & June Carter - **Grazin' In Greener Pastures** / Ray Price - **The Fightin' Side of Me** / Merle Haggard - **He Love Me All the Way** / Tammy Wynette.

1971

Easy Loving / Freddie Hart - **You're My Man** / Lynn Anderson - **How Can I Unlove You** / Lynn Anderson - **The Year that Clayton Delaney Died** / Tom T. Hall - **I'd Rather Love You** / Charley Pride - **Empty Arms** / Sonny James - **Help Me Make It Through the Night** / Sammi Smith - **Rose Garden** / Lynn Anderson - **I'm Just Me** / Charley Pride - **When You're Hot, You're Hot** / Jerry Reed - **Good Lovin' (Makes It Right)** / Tammy Wynette - **How Much More Can She Stand** / Conway Twitty.

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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True West

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Truly Western

ABOUT THE COVER

Earl Faulkner at eighty-eight still hunts for gold near Dease Lake in British Columbia. Earl scoops up a pan of muck from a foot-wide stream a few paces from his door. He swirls the mess around, slopping out the contents until only the fine stuff is left. Then he puts his gold pan on the stove and dries the remaining two tablespoons of mud to dust. Carefully, patiently, he blows away the dust until there is no more, hoping for "color." Soon after the photograph on the cover was snapped, Earl announced cheerfully, "Skunked again!"

Chester Dugger

Looking through some old copies of TRUE WEST, I ran across an article in the August 1967 issue on page 38 about Milton Beeler, a steer roper. The writer of the article gave the names of ropers Milton had roped against. One of these, Chester Dugger, was my father. The author was wondering what became of the various ropers. Chester died in March 1912 of spinal meningitis. Here is a picture of Chester winning first money July 4, 1907 at Okemah, Oklahoma.—Joe Dugger, 203 Baxter Road, Eugene, Oregon 97402

Joe Rader Roberts Cover

Many interesting happenings took place on homesteads and ranches in the early years, which you have brought out in your magazines. Spent a pleasant evening reading stories—some of range life, which I've had, working large herds of cattle with people and alone. Had one saddle horse turn a somersault over another horse I was chasing, falling in front of my horse. I remember crawling out from between them.

What actually prompted me to write was the cover picture on the June '74 TRUE WEST, capturing a very tense action picture which could end up in tragedy of horse or man—or end up smoothly.

The artist has shown the wildness in the cattle as no one has done before, high-tailing it for the brush. Joe Rader Roberts is one of the few artists capable of bringing out reactions of a horse, how they act themselves, and what a hard, tough range horse looks like.—Arthur J. Hamerl, 725-23 Ave. S.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada

We Need Help on a Photo

In the April 1974 issue of TRUE WEST on page 32 ("Untamed Onion Creek") there is a photo of Camp Ben McCulloch Confederate Veterans. I am very interested in identifying a veteran and also the man next to him.

Courtesy Mrs. Nola Martin Harding

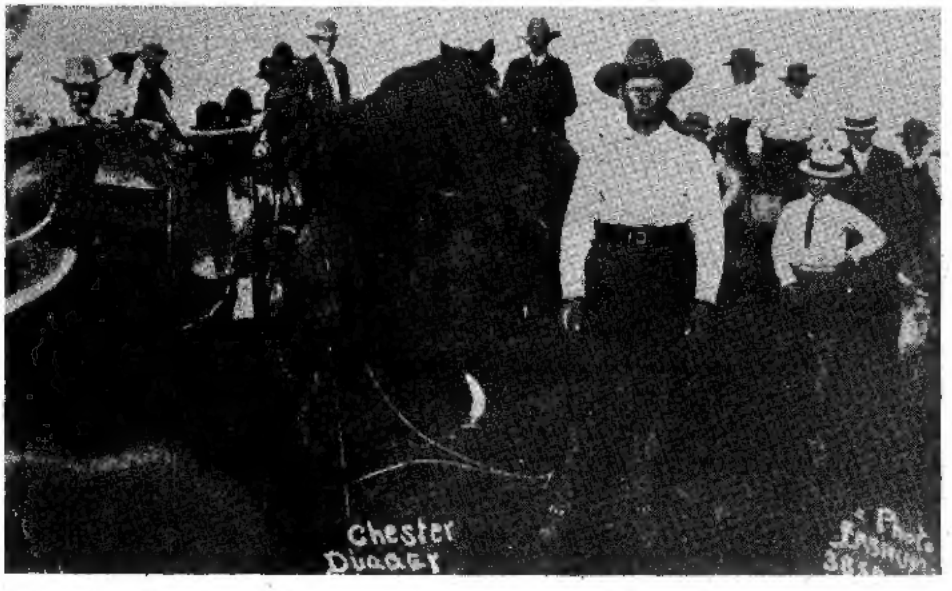
Can anyone identify these men?

The picture has the most startling resemblance to pictures of my paternal grandfather and the man on whose knee he is resting his hand could pass for my father. My father attended the Veteran Reunion many times with Grandpa; my father was not a Veteran.

Grandfather would have been fifty-nine and Dad thirty-three in 1899. The man I refer to is the one in the lower right corner—white whiskers and bareheaded. His hand is on the knee of the man with dark hair and dark mustache, who looks like my dad.

Any information would be greatly appreciated. If these men are *not* my grandpa and father, then there is truth to the old saying that every man has a "double."—W.W. Ludwick, 6713 Stroud, Houston, Texas 77036

Chester Dugger after his ride.



Kind Words

I am writing to you to express my sincere thanks for the quality of your magazines. Reading them is the next best thing to reliving the early American West. I also find that your classified ad information is just tops. It has certainly been useful to me and probably many, many other readers. What I like most is that TRUE WEST is produced in the West and I have very kind feelings for the people of Texas and the U.S. Western states. My dad lived and worked for eleven years in California. I am twenty-eight and hope you have many more issues of TRUE WEST.—Wayne Taylor, R. R. 2, Chaswood, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, Canada BON 2HO

Missouri John Massingale

I am writing you concerning a story which appeared in your December, 1966 issue of TRUE WEST. The magazine was given to me by a friend who knew

(Continued on page 64)

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Hall

Gene Hall, whose brothers were Wylie, Lee Omer, Will, Albert and Joe, and his sisters Jane and Lavinia, was born in 1867 in Jones County, Texas of Tennessee parents who were wiped out in the Civil War. They came to Texas to start over. He participated in cattle drives to Kansas and Nebraska in the late 1880s till 1892. He married Annie Durret of an Alabama family who had also come West to escape the carpetbaggers and they quit the trail when their first son, Elmore, was born in 1892. He and Annie settled in Stonewall County near Swenson, where they had a half-section adjoining the large Swenson (I believe) SMS ranch. He and Annie ran the general store there and she was also postmaster of the town. He also bought and sold hides and horses and ran cattle on his own ranch. My wife, Pauline Hall Brindle, was born to the couple in 1894 in Abilene, Taylor County; and Lee Omer, the last child, was born in 1896. Gene's sister Jane (older than he) married an Allison and Lavinia married Tom Cannon, brother of Clum Cannon. Gene Hall also was a saloon keeper later in various places in Texas and a liquor dealer who at times due to local option, was a bootlegger when the county voted itself dry. He owned the Lone Wolf Saloon five miles out of Stamford, among others, as Jones County went dry. He was either accidentally killed or murdered in Waco, Texas in 1912, his dead body being found in the Brazos River below a trestle. His first son, Elmore, died in 1926 of peritonitis after he and brother Lee Omer had been in many battles in France during WWI without a scratch. His widow, Annie Durret Hall, died in Oakland, California in 1949 and Lee Omer is living in Sacramento, California. Pauline Hall Brindle age 79, is with me in Alameda. Would appreciate any descendants of these people contacting us.—George W. Brindle, P. O. Box 1485, Alameda, California

McMinns

I am searching for information regarding Joseph McMill. He was Governor of Tennessee from 1815 to 1821. He died in 1824 and is buried at Calhoun, Tennessee. His parents' names were Robert and Serah. My grandfather's name was Robert J. McMinn. My father's name was James Robert McMinn. He was born in Newton County, Arkansas in 1883. I believe my grandfather was born in Tennessee. Any information on the McMinns would be welcome.—Hallie McMinn Murphey, 607 Colorado, Modesto, California 95351

Hoffman

I am looking for my father, James Howard Hoffman, Sr. He was born in Douglassville, Pennsylvania, and also lived in Reading and Norristown, Pennsylvania. He was honorably discharged from the United States Army in November 1945. His birthday is November 20, and he would be about sixty-nine years of age at this time. The last time we heard from him was in May 1948. I would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who might have any information about him, whether living or dead.—James H. Hoffman, Jr., Route 2, Box 187 A, Maley Road, Town of Cove, Baytown, Texas 77520

Sawyer-Soy-Soye-Sawey-May-McMullen-Miles

Joseph Patrick Sawyer, his wife (maiden name May) and three children (James, Joseph Patrick, and May Ann) and his brother, John Sawyer (wife, Mary Ann May), who later had two daughters, Isabel and Ellen, came to San Antonio from St. Louis in 1828. Joseph Patrick and family moved to Midway (between Yoakum and Shiner) in 1834 and perhaps went to East Texas with Houston's armies after the fall of the Alamo. In 1838 John May became the guardian of James and Joseph Patrick, while John McMullen, Irish empresario, became the guardian of the three girls the same year. James Sawyer-Soy-Sawey reared a large family in the Shiner Prairie, but never revealed what happened to the two brothers and their wives, who were nieces of John May. Mary Ann Sawyer-Soye-Sawey married Edward Miles, veteran of the Texas Revolution and the Mexican War, as well (later) as the Civil War. Can any descendants of any of the above tell what happened to Joseph Patrick Sawyer, Sr., and John Sawyer and their wives, or to Joseph Patrick Sawyer, Jr.? I think I can explain the name changes, but the rest is a mystery.—Orlan Sawey, 823 South 23rd Street, Kingsville, Texas 78363

Karl-Fredrick-Weilhelm-Icenogle

These are three persons I would like very much to find out about. Weilhelm—or the American version, William—is the first of the Icenogle family known about in this country. About the time Daniel Boone was settling Kentucky these three brothers, Karl, Fredrick and

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Weilhelm left Germany due to religious persecution there. Their father (name unknown) gave to one of them (probably the oldest) a fairly large sum of money to keep in his possession until they reached this country. When they reached America the money was divided among the three of them. However, as their ship neared the Carolina coast, a storm came up and the ship was wrecked.

Weilhelm saved himself by lashing himself to a deck chair. As far as he knew, his brothers perished with the ship. He was washed ashore. People found him and nursed him back to health. Later on, he took a job with Daniel Boone as a muleskinner and wound up in the Boonboro, Kentucky area. He met and married a Shoshone girl who had been discovered after a battle with the Indians and was raised by the settlers. They settled on land around Boonboro but along with a great number of others were forced to give up this property when a bunch of "sharpies" from Washington (D C area now) discovered these people didn't have the proper titles to the land and came in and took it over. He then moved his family to the Beardstown, Illinois area. My father, James Earl Icenogle, is a direct descendant of this person. I would like very much to contact other persons of the family name Icenogle. I would like to find out if possible if anyone else has information about Fredrick or Karl Icenogle. I feel it is quite possible that perhaps one or even both of them may have survived the shipwreck and that they have descendants living someplace. As for the money mentioned, I am not interested in it or anything of that nature—just finding out all I can about the family. —Mrs. Ferris I. Prather, Box 14, Oatman, Arizona 86433

Lilley

I am seeking information on my father, James Franklin Lilley. His real name was James Franklin Daniels, but he went by the last name of Lilley, his step-father's name. He and my mother were married in October 1917 in a small town near Carthage, Missouri, when he was eighteen and my mother was sixteen.

I was born in October 1918; my sister was born August 1920; and my youngest sister was born in August 1921. During that period, my father worked in the lead mines in Illinois and Missouri and in the coal mines in Oklahoma. When my youngest sister was about six weeks old, my father decided to go West to look for work, with my mother's consent. This was in the fall of 1921 and my mother waved goodbye to him as he rode a freight train out of the small town in Oklahoma.

One or two letters came from him from either Nevada or Utah; and he also sent my mother a pretty dress skirt with a five-dollar bill tucked in one of the pockets. In one of the letters he advised my mother to keep the children's clothes washed and ironed, as he would be sending for us soon. That was the last we ever heard from my father. I am positive he did not desert us, but I have never been able to ascertain what happened to him.

James had a half-sister by the name of Pansy Lilley, and two half-brothers, Jabus and Pete Lilley. They lived in Caseyville, Illinois during the 1920s, I understand. I would surely like to hear from them or their children, or from anyone who could tell me about my father. If he is still living, he would be about seventy-five or seventy-six years old.—Vernon Lilley, General Delivery, Haileyville, Oklahoma 74546

Pope-Palmer

I would like information on the parents or any relative of John Pope, born 1806 in Tennessee. His wife was Polly H. Palmer, born July 2, 1810, in Tennessee. Their children were John Dillard, Sally, Mary, Philip G., David, Martha, William, Henry, Robert and Rueben. They lived in Montgomery County, Tennessee prior to 1850, then moved to Gasconade County, Missouri. John Pope moved to Texas about 1865.—Ronald L. Pope, 4221 E. Sandra Terrace, Phoenix, Arizona 85032

McLane

George McLane lived at Corning, California, probably in the late 1870s. He was our great-uncle. We have a photograph of this handsome old gentleman which we think should be in the possession of one of his direct descendants. It was taken by Wood's Photographic Art Gallery, Odd Fellows Building, Marysville, California in 1878.

(Continued on page 32)

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PROSPECTING IN THE CHEROKEE HILLS

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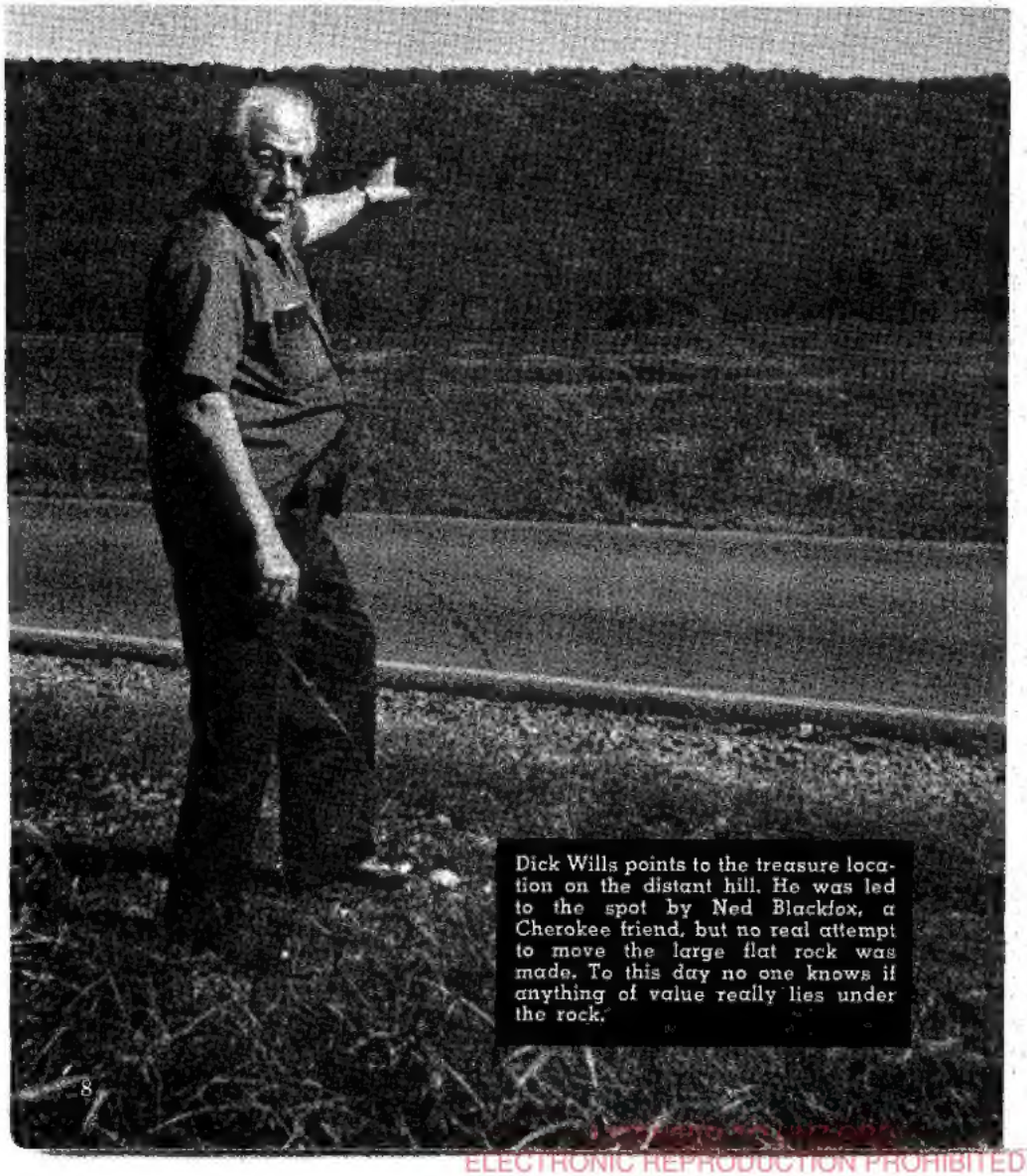
I GREW UP around mines and had mining and prospecting in my blood. After 1929 the whole economy fell apart. By the early 1930s the mines shut down, as did most other industry in this country. Times were hard everywhere. This was the Great Depression.

Oklahoma is Indian country. For many years a Cherokee named Freeman Batt worked for me and was one of my special friends. The Cherokee country starts just across the Neosho River from Miami and goes all down through the Tahlequah and Cookson Hill country to Stillwell and on south. The Cherokees have been in the hill country since the Trail of Tears time. The generations living in 1930, particularly the older full-bloods, knew every rock and bush in those hills; every outcrop of mineral was known to one or another of the old men. The older people were raised to believe that they would be punished severely by members of the tribe if caught showing mineral to any white man.



Dick Wills points to the treasure location on the distant hill. He was led to the spot by Ned Blackfox, a Cherokee friend, but no real attempt to move the large flat rock was made. To this day no one knows if anything of value really lies under the rock.

These people were very intelligent, though they had no education as we recognize it. Most of the older ones could only speak Cherokee. They realized the old rules about revealing mineral no longer applied but they were still reluctant to be seen in open defiance. Yet, times were hard for them, too. They were short of everything except what they could produce on their little farms. Money, for them, was almost nonexistent.

For this reason they decided to show the minerals they knew about to a chosen white mining man in the hope that something would be of sufficient value to get them some cash. Knowing that Batt had worked in the mines and was acquainted with mining people, they sent word to him. They asked him to select someone reliable who was willing to come to the hill country and talk with them about mineral prospects. Batt asked me to do this.

In those years any phase of mineral prospecting had a magnetic appeal for me. I liked Indians, and sensed an interesting experience at least. In due course of time Batt and I took off for the Cherokee country. There was no convenient way to send word we were coming, so we expected to see only Ned Blackfox and his family. Blackfox was a sort of leader of the Indians around the Moody Springs region.

THE ROADS to that part of the country were gravel, crooked, dusty and rough. We finally arrived at a point southwest of Little Kansas and headed out through hills and heavy timber. We followed a course that was a trail rather

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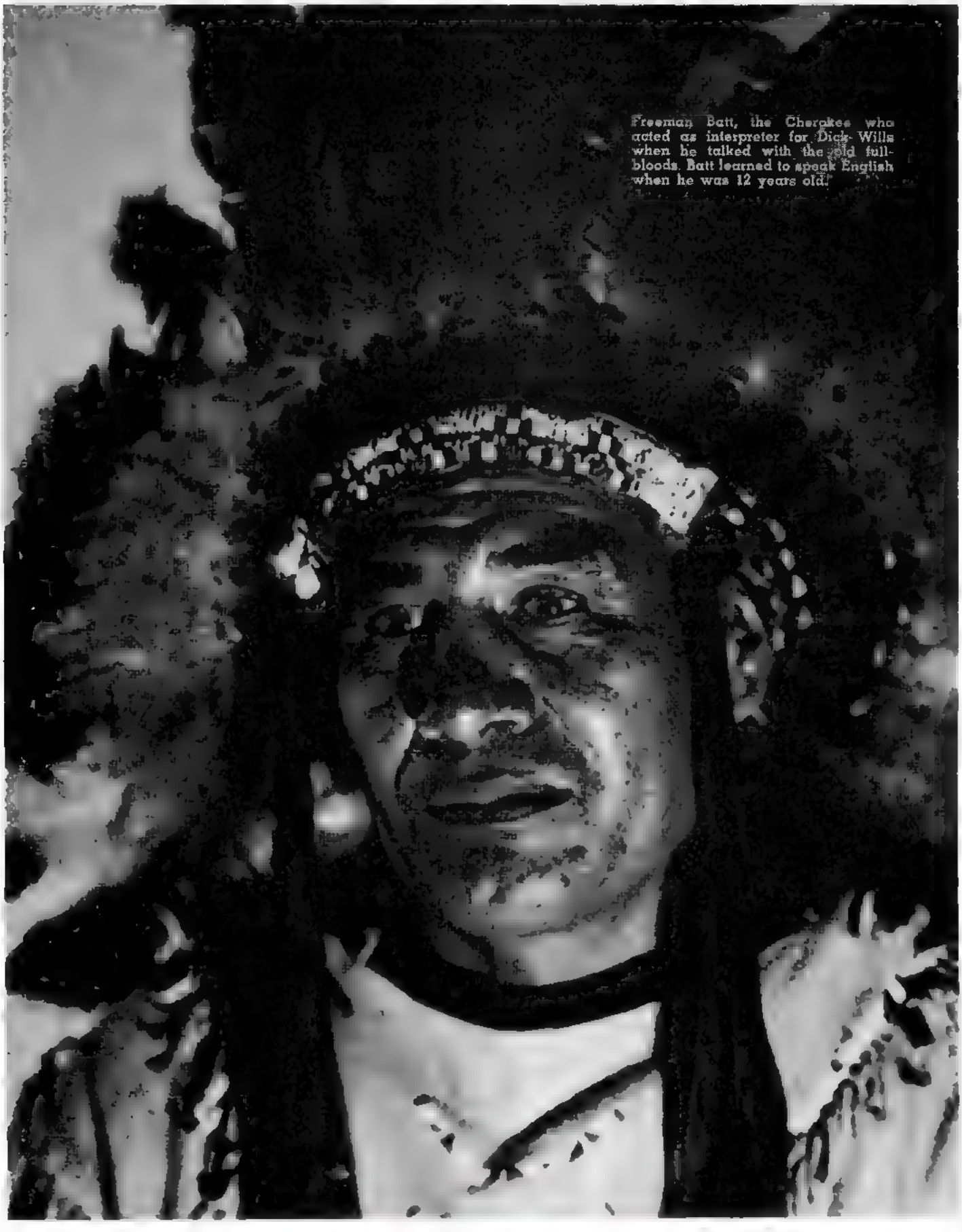
By DICK WILLS
Photos Courtesy Author



Freeman Batt, the Cherokee who acted as interpreter for Dick Wills when he talked with the old full-bloods. Batt learned to speak English when he was 12 years old.

than a road—winding, climbing, twisting, and turning until I was completely lost.

Batt knew the way. After several hard miles we came to Blackfox's place. Having sent no word, we were surprised to come upon eight or ten old full-bloods sitting in the edge of the woods waiting for us. None of these old men could speak English. Batt couldn't speak English till he was twelve years old, so he was a fine interpreter.

Some of these people had come from several miles away to meet with us. Strange as it seems, with no notice from us, these men explained that old Indians had ways to know things and so they knew we would be there at that time. (I have no explanation for this, but this was not the only time such a thing happened.)

The Indians never spoke to me or even acknowledged my presence. They sat in a circle about twenty-five yards away. I sat on the running board of my old Model A Ford, unable to understand what I could overhear. Completely ignoring me, their discussion in Cherokee went on for four solid hours. All of this talk was quite unintelligible to me while I sat and sat and sat. After four hours my patience was a little raw around the edges. I called to Batt and told him that these men apparently did not like my looks or trust me, so he had better bring someone else to them. A young Indian called Kanick rose in the group and in good English assured me to the contrary. He said these were old Indians and did things in the old Indian way and presently they would be ready to speak with me.

Soon I was asked over, and Blackfox, through Batt as interpreter, told me their decision. I will quote as near as memory allows: "We have decided to trust you. Batt says you are a good man. We respect him. We are going to tell you and show you things we have never before shown a white man. We hope it will have value. You are a long way back in the woods in our country. If you cheat us you will not get out of these woods alive." My reply was a direct and simple one: "That is fair enough. I did not come here to cheat you, so there will be no trouble." From that day on we were friends.

Ned Blackfox was the spokesman of this group and had the respect of other Indians over the broad region we eventually covered. Nathaniel Bearpaw was much like Blackfox, and they were close companions. I never heard another name for "Kanick," the young English-speaking man who was the grandson of Blackfox. Tom Grass from over west on Saline Creek sometimes was with us.

GOOD MANNERS among these older people did not parallel ours. They were by no means rude, but our formalities of introduction were not followed. I don't remember that I ever knew the names of many of the men in the original meeting. When I did see any of them, they were warm and friendly, but our conversation consisted of a nod, smile and perhaps a handshake. They spoke no English and I no Cherokee. Later I could understand a little Cherokee and speak a very limited bit.

Blackfox, Bearpaw, Kanick, and sometimes Tom Grass, were assigned to work their plan with me; and others appeared only when called in. This was the beginning of one of the most interesting periods of my life.

That first time at Blackfox's I was not prepared to stay but had gone to see what was expected of me. In a very slow sketchy way some mineral things were mentioned that they wanted me to see.

Perhaps the most important thing in

An oil painting of Freeman Batt by Western artist Charles Banks Wilson.

dealing with Indians is to be honest and forthright—never, never devious. Patience—boundless, unlimited patience—cannot be overemphasized. If asking for specific information, be patient. You may get the answer today, day after tomorrow, or weeks later when they are ready to answer. Sometimes their answer will be to stop at a certain place and say, "This is the place you asked about." The question may have been asked a month before. You conform to their ways—not they to yours.

Batt and I did not stay that first trip. He planned to return, prepared to remain for several days. In a short while we went back with tarps, bedrolls and other equipment that might be needed. We started very early and arrived at the Blackfox place about mid-morning. We met Tom Grass coming through the woods. He looked tired. It was a surprise to see him, for his home was quite a few miles over on Saline Creek. He said he had walked all night to meet us, for he knew we were coming that morning. He started walking about the time we decided to go. Perhaps just coincidence—who knows?

Grass did not tarry long; he only wanted to tell me about a place over by Jay, Oklahoma where his grandmother years ago went to get gold from a bed of sandy clay. Sometime he would take us to the place, he said. Weeks and weeks later we did go to where we could see down in the gulch where it was, but some Indians were hacking ties close by, and Grass would not risk being seen showing us mineral. I was never there again.

ONE DAY Blackfox brought out some cube lead—galena. It was good lead; enough would be valuable. The question as always—how much is there and can it be mined economically?

Blackfox truly thought that showing such evidence of a lead deposit justified compensation prior to showing the source. I always admired Batt's explanation to Blackfox. Batt said, "You come with a handful of hog hair. You say it proves there is a fine herd of hogs. That handful of hair could have come from one old sick hog, not worth anything. The only way is to look. If there is a fine herd of hogs, then they would be worth paying for." Blackfox understood.

Several days later, while traveling a back road, we turned off toward an old house near a small creek. I never knew till the last step what we were about to be shown. Blackfox went to the creek and pointed to a ledge in the creek bank under about a foot of water and some gravel. Under this ledge is where the hog hair lead had come from. In dry time the water was low, and the lead was exposed.

Nothing conclusive could be done then. Several weeks later I did go there with a small crew prepared to camp and uncover the lead. Ob Jones, Bob O'Dell and one of Tom Marney's boys were my crew. We made a comfortable camp but found the creek still too high to do a good job of exploration. We did what we could, and the creek was falling. Any day we would be able to get at the ledge. There was a fine spring with tons of watercress about 100 yards from camp. The old cabin a little way from us seemed deserted; no people ever appeared. After three or four days an Indian came by and stopped to talk. Among other things we asked if anybody lived in the cabin. It seems a family did live there and were at home. The whole family was down with typhoid fever. Their water supply was the spring where we got our own water. You can imagine how fast we broke camp and went to Miami for a round of typhoid shots. We did not catch the fever but we never did go back to the ledge on the creek.

That prospect had little chance to be anything. Small stringers of lead or zinc are quite common in the Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma hill country, and only in rare cases have they been worthwhile to mine. Even then their life was short and the operation small. (This

(Continued on page 44)

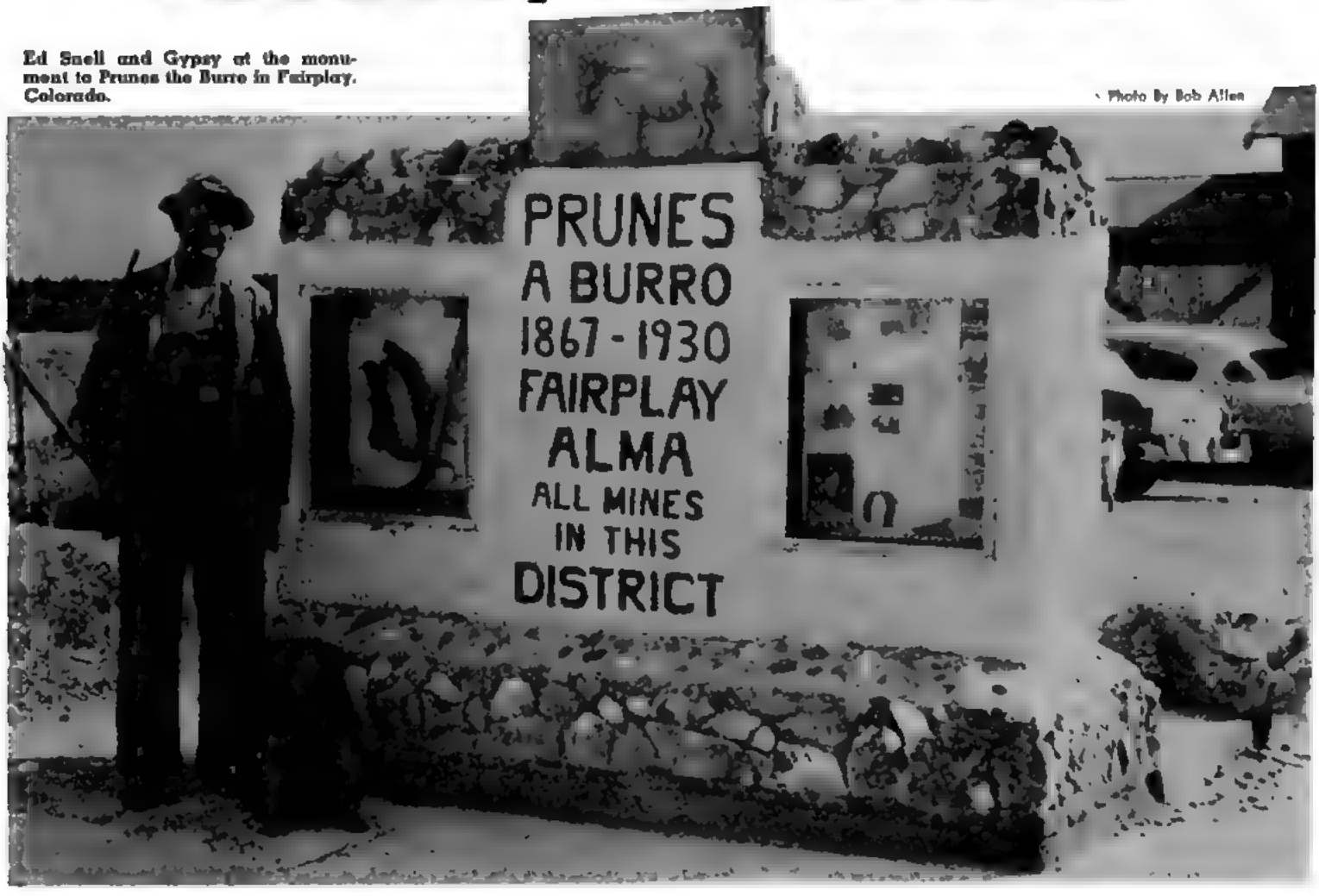
OHIBITED

Fairplay needed a mascot and a legend—and what followed was

THE HOAX OF PRUNES, THE BURRO

Ed Snell and Gypsy at the monument to Prunes the Burro in Fairplay, Colorado.

Photo By Bob Allen



By DEN GALBRAITH

Photo Courtesy Author

HEADING for the Blue Light, Rube Sherwood dredged his imagination for tall tales to tell the boys. He tied Ol' Doc up in the vacant lot between the Hand Hotel and the Blue Light, along Fairplay, Colorado's famous old Front Street.

Over eighty, Sherwood maneuvered with the spryness of a youngster. He looked like a "sawed-off" version of Ernest Hemingway during his gray-whiskered days, and he would have delighted J. Frank Dobie. A comical fellow, gregarious, pint-sized, white-haired, gray-whiskered, legs slightly bowed, this fighting gamecock of a prospector had been around. During his colorful career, he had raced horses, hunted buffalo, trapped, fought Indians, mined, prospected, and promoted properties. Most of the stories about Sherwood were his own, for he was never adverse to patting himself on the back.

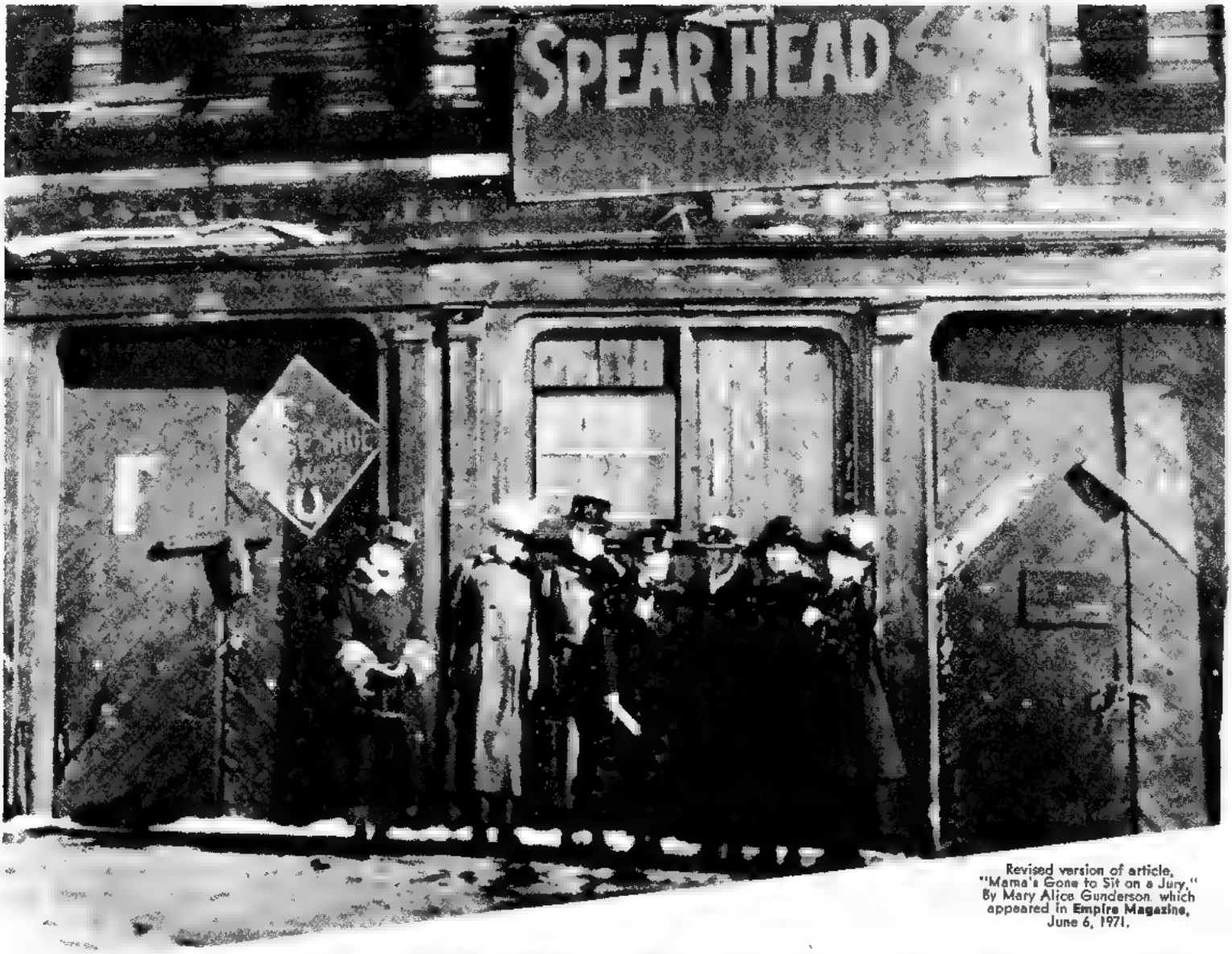
While the Johnnie-Come-Latelies always call him "Rupe," old-timers knew him as "Rube." His real name was Rupert; everyone assumes that cronies shortened that to Rupe, but he was tagged with the Rube as a greenhorn prospector. Gerald F. Galloway—gone now—an engineer who lived in Alma, and many other old-timers confirmed that fact.

Orphaned at an early age, Sherwood stowed away in a covered wagon bound for Colorado. Reaching South Park, he headed for the Mosquito Range and within a few months made a fortuitous strike on the Little Sacramento. After selling out for a reported $30,000, Sherwood returned to the East.

His money didn't last, of course—race track touts and pretty girls saw to that—and within a short time he was forced to come out of retirement. Stone broke, the prospector headed back for South Park, this time setting himself up as a mining expert.

But luck is a funny thing, you either have it or you don't. Rube Sherwood never got lucky again.

(Continued on page 50)



Revised version of article, "Mama's Gone to Sit on a Jury," By Mary Alice Gunderson, which appeared in **Empire Magazine**, June 6, 1971.

MAMA'S GONE TO SIT ON

Photos Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Above, Mrs. Eliza Boyd, the first woman ever to be summoned for jury duty. At left, a group of ladies stand in front of the building which housed the first women's jury in March of 1870. The ladies in this 1913 photo are: (left to right) Mrs. Edward P. Costigan; Dr. Valeria H. Parker; E. Jean Nelson Penfield; Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard (Historian of the University of Wyoming); Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt; Mrs. Marjorie Shular; Mrs. P. I. Qualey. Below, Laramie, Wyoming in 1870.

A JURY

It was a big step (in high-buttoned shoes) from judging younguns to judging outlaws. And it's hard to imagine who were the most nervous—the thick-skinned prisoners or the thin-skinned bestowers of justice!

By MARY ALICE GUNDERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

SIX heavily-veiled women listened tensely as Justice John H. Howe declared: "You shall not be driven by the sneers, jeers and insults of a laughing crowd from the temple of justice, as your sisters have from some of the medical colleges of the land. The strong hand of the law shall protect you."

On March 7, 1870—for the first time in criminal court history—these words rang out in a packed, temporary courthouse in Laramie City, Wyoming Territory: "*Ladies* and gentlemen of the grand jury. . . ." Press dispatches spread the news. King William of Prussia cabled congratulations to President U. S. Grant on this evidence of "progress, enlightenment and civil liberty in America."

For some unknown reason, however, the women refused to be photographed. Eastern artists had a heyday with cartoons of hatted, veiled women sitting in the jury box bouncing babies on their knees. Somewhere was coined the couplet: "Baby, baby, don't get in a fury; Your Mama's gone to sit on a jury."

Why did it happen in Laramie City, a town of fewer than 1,000 residents on the Wyoming frontier? Two years earlier, with the laying of the Union Pacific Railroad tracks, a city of tents, sheds, and shacks sprang like magic from the plains. Soon the town became a haven for the lawless, seekers of fortunes who followed the rails west.

In three months' time the population doubled to 5,000, one fifth of whom tried desperately to maintain law and order. An election was held to establish a city government. After three weeks the mayor and city council resigned, and what had been a weak government degenerated to no government at all.

Vigilantes organized and on one occasion hanged three men from the poles of an unfinished log house. Forty-odd other undesirables were told to leave town before daylight. Though some moved on, others stayed behind. A few joined up with the vigilantes.

Shootings, robbery and horse-stealing were almost daily occurrences. Because townspeople did not demand punishment for violation of the law, juries did not convict even those caught red-handed.

Then the Territorial Legislature agreed to give women the right to vote and on December 10, 1869, the suffrage bill was signed. But there were no parades or demonstrations. And no one burned her corset.

Sarah Pease, one of the first six women jurors, wrote her reaction: "It [passage of the suffrage bill] did not appear to have any marked effect upon the women of Wyoming . . . they did not seem to realize the increased responsibilities thrust upon them. They behaved themselves with such becoming dignity and humility that the men at last became alarmed at their apathy and began to conspire together and plan a method by which the women would be compelled to show their mettle. . . ."

In February 1870, Mrs. Esther Morris of South Pass City, Wyoming Territory, was appointed first woman justice of the peace. Obviously the time was now right for a more dramatic demonstration of women's rights—jury duty. Laramie was to be the place.

Perhaps enemies of the women's rights movement encouraged the service of women jurors, hoping the experiment would prove to be a failure, suggests University of Wyoming History Professor T. A. Larson in his *History of Wyoming*. But much of the credit for seating women jurors at Laramie goes to Justice Howe.

"If we can get women to serve on the jury," he said, "there will be justice. For if they have their way, it's maternal against brute force."

In his written opinion handed down March 3, 1870 Howe wrote that what-

John H. Howe, first Chief Justice of the Territory of Wyoming. He ruled in March 1870 that women were eligible for jury service.

ever may have been the policy in the past, "they [women] will have a fair opportunity in my court, at least, to demonstrate their ability in the new field. . . ." He felt the presence of women on the jury would insure decorum and add a dignity to the proceedings which the judges had been unable to command before. Justice J. W. Kingman concurred with his decision.

Carefully considering those women of the community thought the most qualified and capable, Howe and Kingman selected the following: Miss Eliza Stewart (Laramie's first schoolteacher), Mrs. Amelia Hatcher (a widow), Mrs. Agnes Baker (wife of a merchant), Mrs. G. F. Hilton (wife of a physician), Mrs. Mary Mackel (wife of a clerk at Ft. Saunders), and Mrs. Sarah Pease (wife of the deputy clerk of court). Six men were also summoned. Frederick Laycock acted as foreman.

Photos Courtesy Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Above, N. K. Boswell, sheriff of Albany County for nine years. He personally summoned the first woman jury in the world. Prominent in pioneer law enforcement, he served also as a U.S. deputy marshal, stock detective, and government scout. At left, Mrs. Esther Morris, appointed first woman justice of the peace on February 17, 1870. Below, Martha Symons Boies Atkinson, the first woman bailiff in Wyoming Territory.

WROTE Sarah Pease: "This proceeding was considered a very ludicrous affair, and the ladies [summoned] took that view until they were convinced that they would be obliged to appear in court or subject themselves to the alternatives of being arrested for contempt, fined and sent to jail."

Excitement in Laramie was high when the first women were empanelled, sworn and charged. Wherever people gathered on boardwalks, in parlors over tea, in saloons, word was that the six women had gotten together and agreed that they would all beg to be excused; yet all six of the ladies appeared at the appointed time. The courthouse was filled, the bench and bar well represented with Wyoming's three district judges and many prominent lawyers.

"The eyes of the world are today fixed on this jury of Albany County," Justice Howe said. "It is a novelty to see, as we do today, ladies summoned as jurors." Noting that a woman was often a "victim of vices," he told them that women serving on a jury would "remedy this flagrant evil and inaugurate a better condition of things." Should the women have lingering doubts, he added that there was nothing in the least improper concerning their serving, and he cautioned the court lest anyone "by word or act endeavor to deter [the female jurors] from the exercise of those rights which the law has invested them." Associate Justice Kingman also spoke.

At this point Stephen W. Downey, prosecuting attorney for the county, moved to quash the panel on the grounds that it was not composed of male jurors, despite the fact he had read Howe's opinion several days earlier. Downey's motion was overruled.

Bills brought to this grand jury for consideration included several cases of homicide, horse stealing, and illegal branding. Each bill began: "We, the good and lawful male and female jurors, do on oath say. . . ."

When the grand jury was due to be discharged after some three weeks, Judge Howe complimented the women on their service. He told them they had made as good jurors as men, if not a good deal better. There had been a noticeable improvement in the dignity of the whole procedure with the six ladies present—less smoking and chewing of tobacco and none of the card-playing and whiskey-drinking common at that time in the jury room.

THIS first mixed grand jury brought in an indictment for murder in the first degree against Andrew W. Howie for the killing of one John Hoctor; and trying the Howie case was the world's first mixed petit jury of six women and six men. The following women served: Mrs. Retta J. Burnham (wife of a contractor), Miss Lizzie A. Spooner (hotel keeper's sister), Miss Nellie Hazen (schoolteacher), Mrs. Mary Wilcox (wife of a merchant), Mrs. J. H. Hayford (wife of the editor of the *Daily Sentinel*), and Mrs. I. N. Hartsough (wife of the Methodist minister).

The slaying took place in the barroom of Patrick Doran's Shamrock Hotel. Andrew Howie, an educated man who had come West to work as a bullwhacker for the Doc Shores outfit, had gone upstairs to his room. A while later he heard loud noises downstairs. Dazed with sleep, he stumbled down into the smoky, dimlit barroom. Someone pointed a pistol at him. He heard a voice say, "I'm going to shoot you!" Howie drew his own gun. Two shots rang out simultaneously. John Hoctor fell to the floor, but in the darkness and confusion no one knew just who had fired the shots. A dozen or so men in the bar were arrested and taken to the military guardhouse at Ft. Saunders several miles away. There, the next day, Howie told the sheriff and his attorney, M. C. Brown, that he had shot Hoctor in self defense.

Unable to reach a decision before nightfall, the jury was taken to the Union Pacific Hotel. Two rooms were engaged. Before the door of each room a bailiff stood guard all night—one man and one woman, Mrs. Martha Symons Boies Atkinson, the first woman bailiff in the Territory.

For two days and nights the jury deliberated. If Howie had stolen a horse there would have been no question of the outcome. Before the first ballot was taken Mrs. Hartsough, the minister's wife, asked the members of the jury to kneel with her in prayer for guidance.

(Continued on page 57)

SANTA ANNA'S PAY CHEST

The loot from San Jacinto did not end up on Galveston Island, and the author explains why...

Above, Santa Anna. Below, the burial site of Santa Anna and his wife, Dolores. Buried in a single space on top of the Hill of Tepéyac, above the Basilica of Guadalupe, close to the chapel on top.

By FORD GREEN
Photos Courtesy Author

THERE IS something about a treasure tale that makes a fellow want to believe it anyway. He likes to talk about it and hear others talk about it, even if his credibility might be a little bit strained at times. I have been susceptible to these tales ever since I saw coins from the 1553 Silver Galleons from Padre Island over fifty years ago. I was naturally attracted to San Jacinto tales since a great-grandfather fought there.

One of the most persistent type of treasure tale is one which alleges that treasure was lost or concealed in the heat of battle, or the aftermath of a defeat, when it was not possible to salvage it by the armies.

Hardly a county in Texas but has the tale of a treasure hidden when a mule-train was ambushed by Indians, or bandits disposing of loot from stage holdups. But the most prevalent of all deals with the Battle of San Jacinto. The opulence of the Mexican officers is fairly well taken for granted; they certainly cut a figure compared to the buckskins of the Texans. They looked the part anyway.

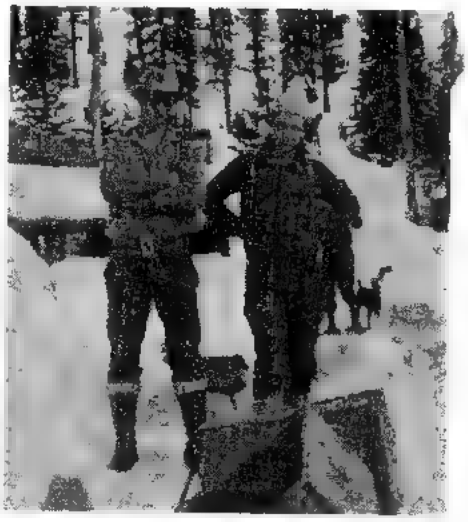
There is another fable about which I have argued—the theory (which has little fact behind it) that armies carried immense treasures out into dangerous tactical positions to pay off troops right before a battle in order to make them fight better. I have never been able to find any

(Continued on page 42)

WHEN HOUSE CALLS WERE HOUSE CALLS

By NOEL ROUTSON
Photos Courtesy Author

Above. Doctor Numbers leaving the Werdenhoff area for McCall, in 1927. At right, Noel (right) and Emmit Routson. Below. Emmit in 1933, with a fine day's catch.



What medic do you know who would strike out 85 miles by dog team? Only a wilderness doctor...

THE WERDENHOFF MINE was located in central Idaho near McCall. My father sold it the summer of 1927 to a mining company from Tacoma, Washington. That winter the new owners began their exploration work. My brother Emmit, twenty-one, and I, nineteen, had spent the summer working for the Idaho National Forest Service—my brother as trail foreman and I as commissary clerk and smoke chaser at Cold Meadow's Ranger Station. After the season was over, we were both offered a job at the Werdenhoff Mine.

Emmit and I started work about the first of November and were soon driving tunnel by hand, using a four-pound single-jack hammer, a six-pound double-jack, 7/8" octagon steel and 3/8" rod mucking spoons. We moved the ground with 60% dynamite with fuse and No. 10 blasting caps. Prospecting tunnels were usually about six feet high, oval at the top, and around four feet wide so that two miners could work side by side.

Above, John Routson at Elk Summit, elevation 9,000 feet.

Above, the rescue team pulling Emmit over Elk Summit. John Routson at rear. At left, the old Werdenhoff smokehouse before the windows were removed. Below, the smokehouse, minus windows and door, where a bitterly cold night was spent, resulting in Emmit's illness. An interesting note, the author's sister who took this photo with a still camera, never saw the deer jump through the window. It leaped for freedom the instant the shutter was snapped.

I was working with Bob Carey, a miner from Warren who was quite a hand to brag. One morning, when we had started drilling, Bob said, "You know, after I get my distance you can just blow out the light and I can drill all day."

"Do you have your distance now?" I asked.

He said, "Yes, of course. It doesn't take very long."

I raised up real quick and blew out the carbide light. When Bob's hammer came down you could hear him holler clear to the portal of the tunnel. He had hit his hand instead of the steel. Bob didn't speak to me for two days.

Work went along in good shape and we were all settled for the winter months when on November 30 we got a call from Ramey Ridge, via the Forest Service's ground telephone line, that Charles (Matty) Mahan had hurt his leg and needed help. Charlie was an old prospector who lived on Ramey Ridge. He was probably about seventy-five years old at the time. Ramey Ridge was about fifteen miles from us, over Pueblo Summit which was 8200′ elevation. Ramey Ridge was 8500′ and the Werdenhoff Mine was 6800′.

EARLY the next morning five of the crew took off for Ramey Ridge on snowshoes, with some medical supplies and other items. Enough men were left at the Werdenhoff to keep the work going there. Emmit and I were among the ones to go.

After seven hours of breaking heavy snow we finally reached our destination and found Mahan in bad shape with an infected leg. We sized up the situation and decided that he should be taken out to a doctor as soon as possible.

Most of that night we spent heating Epsom Salts for a poultice to draw out the infection from his ankle. Some of us repaired an old snow sled in order to pull him out by hand.

The next morning we got an early start for the Werdenhoff. For the first one and a half miles we switched back and forth up a steep, open ridge to the top of Ramey Ridge. From there the trail led down two miles over rough terrain to Beaver Creek. It was a big job to hold the sled back from going over the bluffs. From Beaver Creek we started climbing a steep switch-back trail up Cache Creek. This trail was very narrow and two men had to go below the sled, in deep snow and brush, to keep it from turning over. After about two miles we reached an old wagon road at the Penn-Idaho Mine. From there to the Werdenhoff, except for the big climb to Pueblo Summit, our going was good. Finally, after dark, we reached the Werdenhoff. Everyone was dog-tired and ready to call it a day.

It seemed that we had just hit the bunk when the alarm clock went off at five a.m. We ate a good breakfast, bundled up our passenger in a sleeping bag and put in some hot irons to keep his feet warm. We took off for Elk Summit and our destination, the old Smoke-

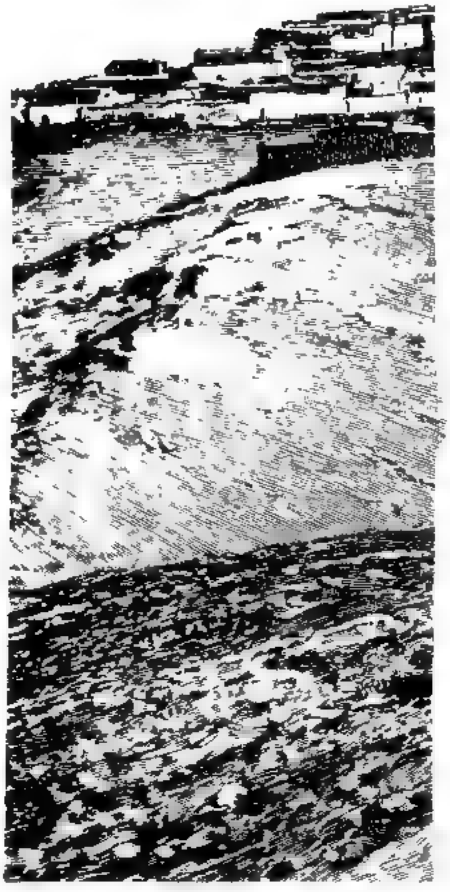
(Continued on page 38)

EARLY-DAY

Houses and *carretas* at the Pueblo of Laguna. (*Harper's*, Feb., 1891)

Church of San José de Laguna, built in 1699. (*Harper's*, Feb., 1891)

By Dr. FRANCES LEON SWADESH



A room in Taos Pueblo. Note the roof construction. Where the *vigas* are not long enough to span the entire room, they are supported by a crossmember in the center of the room. (U.S. Geo. & Geo. Survey, 1881)

Text excerpted from Los Primeros Pobladores: Hispanic Americans of the Ute Frontier, by Dr. Frances Leon Swadesh. Published by University of Notre Dame Press.

Explanatory note: Spanish-speaking pioneers settled in the Chama Valley of north-central New Mexico in the 18th century and their descendants spread northward into Colorado. Because of the weakness of the Spanish colonial government, the land grant settlers of the Ute frontier developed a high degree of self-sufficiency in protecting themselves from the raids of the nomadic Indians. Many detribalized Indians known as Genizoras adopted the culture of their Hispanic co-settlers. The history of these pioneers of the Ute frontier shows adaptation to the challenges and opportunities of their environment.

It is interesting that after more than two centuries we are adopting some of the old-time ways of living to withstand our modern "enemy"—diminishing land space, precarious resources, and the necessity of providing as many services as possible under one roof or within one area.

THE GRID-PLAN PLAZA AND VARIANTS

GOVERNOR Thomas Veles Cachupín laid out Abiquiu in a rudimentary grid-plan, when he settled the Genízaros there in 1754. One side of the *plaza* was reserved for the church of Santo Tomás, built a few years later. The original *plaza* was an enclosed square, surrounded by contiguous buildings. At each corner of the square, high gates barred access when they were closed. The rest of the settlement, however, followed no geometric pattern but wound up the ridges of the hillside and into a grassy dell south of the *plaza*. A census enumerator who recorded the Abiquiu population in the late 1820s commented that neither the main *plaza* nor its dependencies had laid-out streets "nor does the constitution of these *plazas* provide for them."

The term *plaza* was used for communities lacking dense settlement in the grid-plan pattern prescribed by law. This term *(plaza)* inspired sarcastic comment by Antonio Barreiro in the early 1830s. A central *plaza* area was always a part of the original community plan, but as population grew, families would find themselves short of arable land and would establish a new nucleus of homes close to fresh cropland. Thus, the lands reserved in the original plans for additional house lots were never occupied, and the central *plaza* itself often developed as an open space, not as a four-sided square with buildings on each side.

The decentralized *placita* became even more the rule in the nineteenth century, as the population moved northward into higher valleys. La Loma near Del Norte, Colorado, acquired the nickname of "Seven-Mile Plaza." The name Rosa applied to a community whose residences were built on both sides of the San

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"TOWN HOUSES"

We're gradually catching up with a two-hundred-year-old idea. Now, that's progress!

Working the fields at Laguna. (*Harper's*, Feb., 1891)

Drawings from New Mexico in the 19th Century: A Pictorial History, by Andrew K. Gregg; Published by the University of New Mexico Press, 1968

Juan River for stretches of several miles. Coraque, Arboles, Los Pinos, and Los Martinez were similarly dispersed.

Some communities of the Chama watershed which today are compact were formerly more scattered, as was Abiquiu. Their present population concentration is the result of land loss. For example, the encroachment of the Carson National Forest has left Vallecitos de Lobato no room for expansion. The population has increased with the establishment of a Protestant church and denominational school and a sawmill owned by an out-of-state concern. This has almost created a grid-plan settlement pattern at the center.

Rosa once had a population center between the old church at the north end and the stores, post office, school, saloons, and new church at the south end. A boardwalk stretched for about a mile joining all these structures, and house lots facing it were bought and sold as town property. Yet the overall settlement pattern of the community was that of scattered ranches adjacent to irrigated lands. Once the business establishments of Rosa had been closed down, its original appearance of a hamlet returned. Its last residents expressed pronounced aversion to living in row houses where people could look through one another's windows. Ranchers along the Piedra said that the best distance from the next house was just out of sight of it.

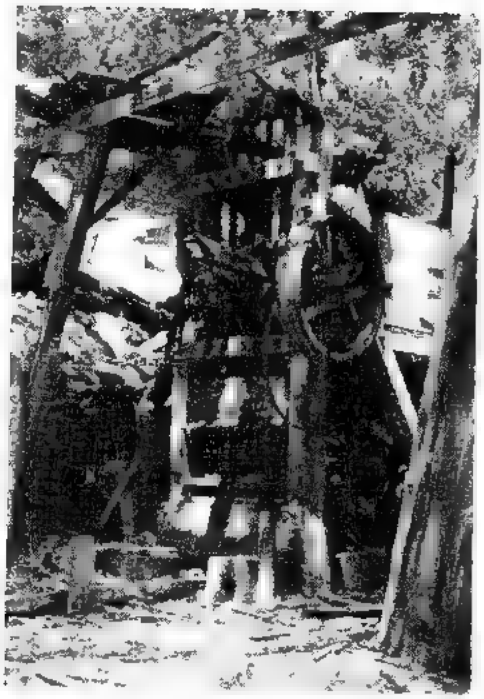
HOUSE TYPES

The house styles of colonial New Mexico are not fully documented for early times but the following are mentioned: *jacals* were made with upright pole frames chinked with adobe and often covered over with such a thick plastering of adobe that the poles were completely hidden. Houses were built of molded and sun-dried adobe bricks, of *terrones* (adobe blocks cut directly out of the ground with their grass cover intact), of stone set into adobe, and of various combinations of materials.

The *jacal* structure was as native to Indian New Mexico as to the ancient Mediterranean world, and it is possible that the same holds for adobe brick. Prehispanic pueblos, however, were characteristically built of dry-masonry, often beautifully fitted, and adobe was usually used in coursed layers. The early Spanish settlers may have used some Indian techniques for building two-story houses, of which there is early record, but colonial homes were usually built as a single story. The settlers adopted the Pueblo-style *latia* ceilings of rows of small poles laid between the *vigas* (roof beams) which spanned the width of rooms thirteen to fifteen feet across. Over the *latias* went a layer of chamisa boughs covered with a six- to twelve-inch

(Continued on page 31)

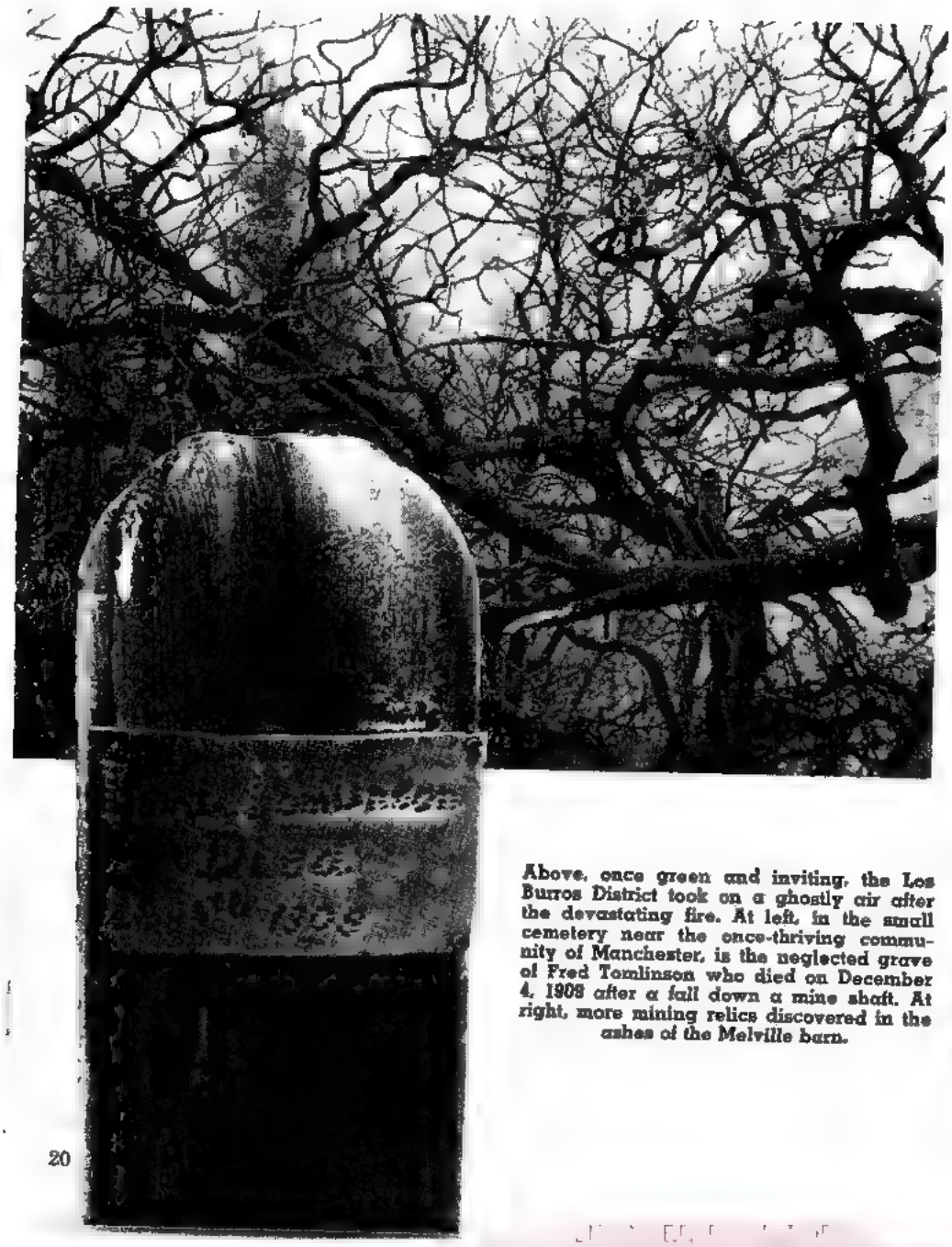
A pall of smoke hangs over a canyon in flames.



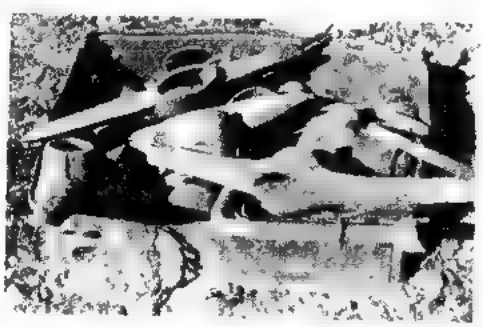
The stamp mill of the once prosperous Blue Jay Mine, taken prior to the 1970 Los Burros fire. Aside from a little rust and cobwebs, the machinery appears to have survived the years of neglect rather well.

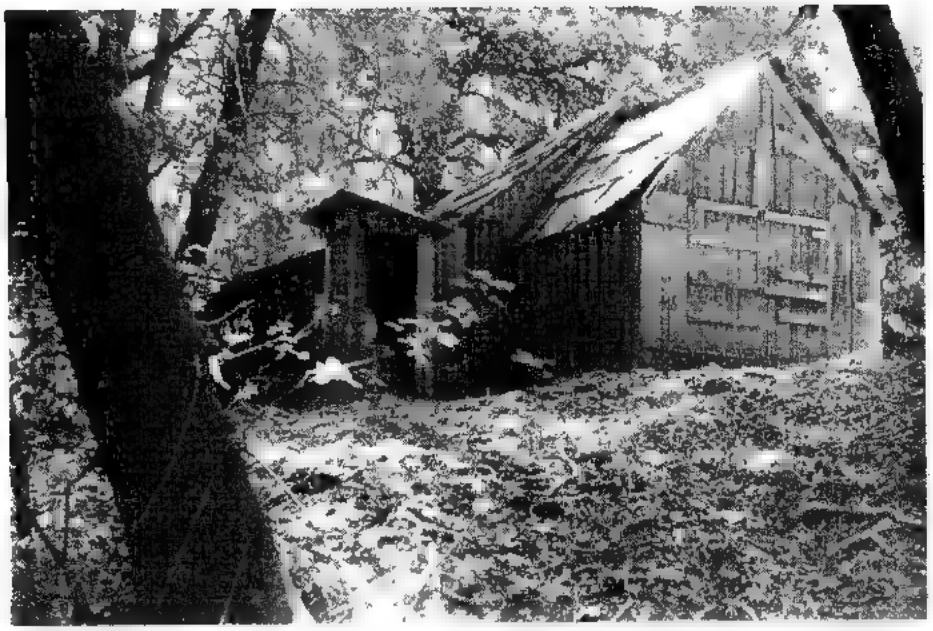
THE ASHES OF LOS BURROS

By RANDALL A. REINSTEDT
Photos Courtesy Author



Above, once green and inviting, the Los Burros District took on a ghostly air after the devastating fire. At left, in the small cemetery near the once-thriving community of Manchester, is the neglected grave of Fred Tomlinson who died on December 4, 1908 after a fall down a mine shaft. At right, more mining relics discovered in the ashes of the Melville barn.

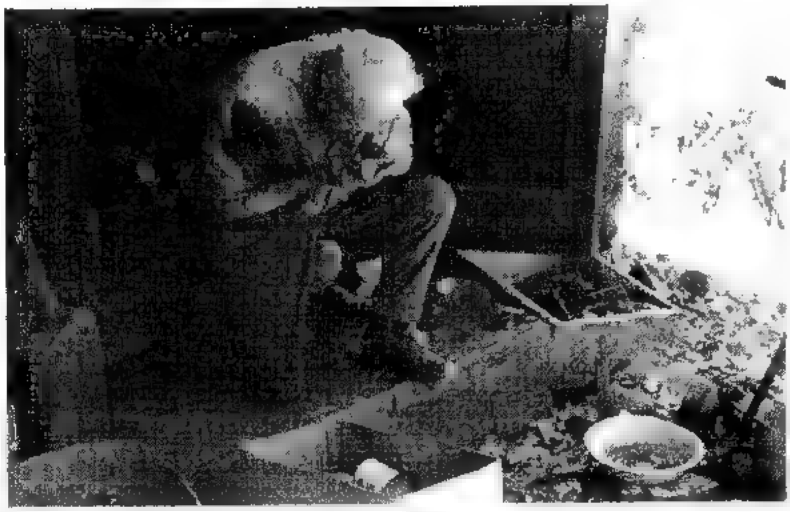




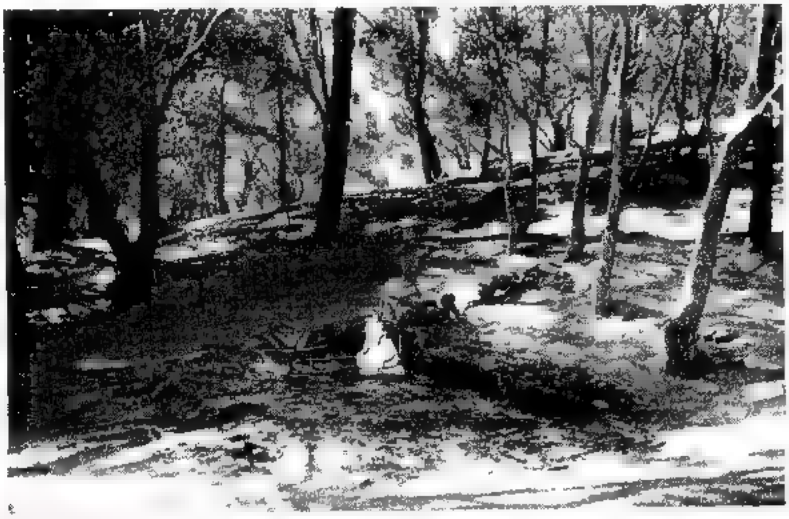
Above, the barn on the old Melville property near Manchester, before the 1970 fire. Once only a stone's throw from the main house, it boasted a private and quite modern (in its day) "one-holer." At right, inside the shaft of the Lucky Mo Mine where ore tracks lead to a dark underground world. Below right, old-timer Howard Hilton examines a rock containing particles of gold. Well known throughout the district, Hilton still maintains a cabin atop the hill leading to the old Manchester flat. He can see all who come to visit, as the community road passes through his holdings.

On September 27, 1970, nearly a century after the 1875 organization meeting of the Los Burros Mining District, a fire broke out in the rugged Los Padres National Forest in California. Before the flames were brought under control, some 45,000 acres were scorched.

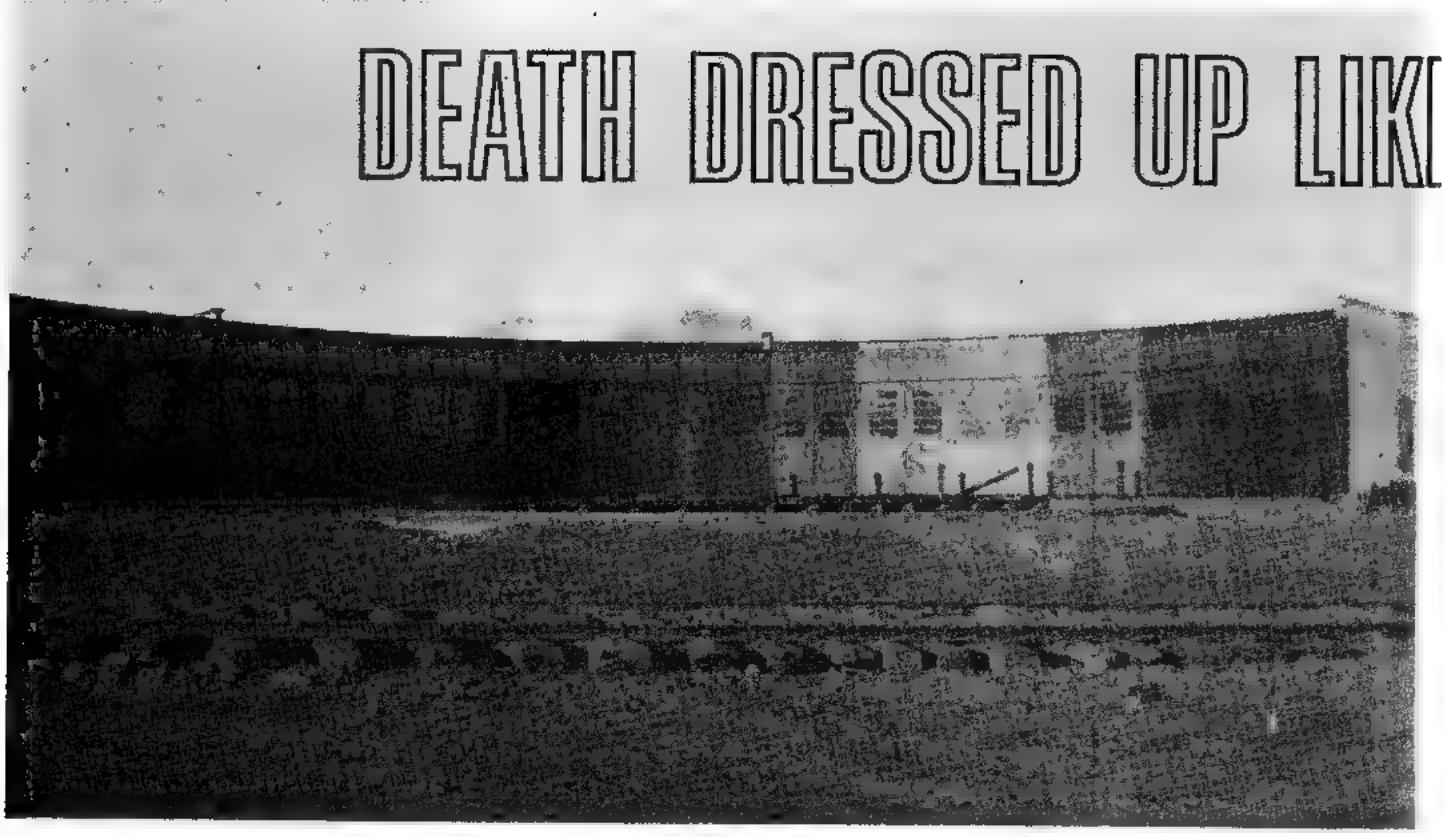
In the midst of the desolation lay the Los Burros Mining District. Many of the old cabins and miners' shacks that dotted the canyons and mountainsides were completely destroyed, while a few were miraculously spared. These photos give an idea of the way it was, and of what is left. (A feature article on the Los Burros Mining District by Randall A. Reinstedt appeared in the Spring '72 issue of GOLD!)



At right, the remains of Sam Pugh's cabin. Below, relics of bygone days are to be found throughout the Los Burros area, like the old wood-burning Wedgewood stove shown here.



DEATH DRESSED UP LIKE



The Great Northern Railroad roundhouse where Hans Thorp worked.

MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA was a promising frontier town seventy years ago. It was nestled in the valley of the Mouse River (now called the Souris River), near the bottom of the big loop where the river turns back north into Hudson's Bay drainage basin. Minot was a division point on the Great Northern, having first been settled in the late '80s. The railroad had car repair shops, a roundhouse, a large stockyard, and shipping pens where cattle bound for the packing plants in Chicago and South St. Paul were unloaded. It was the county seat of Imperial Ward County and had stores, schools, a hospital, and a good force of law officers. Sheriff Billy Carroll was a hardy six-foot Westerner who was brave and capable. He and my father, Ed Sikes, were business partners in a general mercantile store and butcher shop, and in 1898 they started up a cattle and horse ranch on free range land fifty miles farther west in the valley of Little Knife. Carroll often deputized my father whenever he needed extra help.

Carroll lived in the courthouse with his family. His jailer and janitor was a young nineteen-year-old fellow, Hal Prose, who had arrived in Minot in the fall of 1899. Prose found the job exciting and told me about his experiences with the prisoners.

"I lived with the sheriff and his family and slept upstairs in one of the jury rooms. Early in the winter of '99 I was awakened by a noise in the jail. I investigated and found that it was County Judge William Murray bringing Hans Thorp to jail after he had shot and killed his wife and tried to shoot himself in the temple. The bullet went through his eye instead of his brain. They took his eye out and he recovered okay.

"Judge Murray was the car repair foreman for the Great Northern Railroad and Hans had worked for him. Hans had been an old-time sailor from the time he was a kid in Norway. He taught me how to play solitaire. He used to play the game to see if he was going to get across the River Styx.

"There were usually two or three other prisoners besides Hans. One time we

In back row, center, is Ed Sikes, the author's father. Seated on floor in center is Charles Weagent. Seated on far right is the author's mother, Elizabeth Weagent (later to be Mrs. Ed Sikes).

HIRED HELP

By DON G. SIKES
Photos Courtesy Author

There were certain drifter types on the prairies who just didn't look natural with good horses or new wagons—not if they were trying to pass as the owners

Main Street in Minot after the blizzard of March 15, 1902.

had a bunch of Chinamen for a few days. The immigration authorities picked them off the Soo Line at Portal, North Dakota near the Canadian border. Later on in the winter we had a fellow by the name of Berg from Manitou, waiting for the insanity board to decide if he was crazy enough to be sent to the asylum at Jameston.

"I was building a fire in the kitchen range one morning just next to the jail when I heard Berg moving around. He had been sleeping on a shakedown outside the cells and all of a sudden I heard something drop. I ran to the jail, opened the door, and asked a prisoner by the name of Sample what the racket was. He said it was Berg behind the cells doing something. We went back to see and there was Berg lying on the floor with a piece of heavy express cord around his neck. He had tried to hang himself. He had made a slip-knot for a noose and tied it to a water pipe up as high as he could reach. When he let his weight come on the cord it broke, but the cord didn't loosen on his neck. We carried him around to his bed and tried to revive him without success.

"There were no phones in Minot at that time so I ran all the way downtown to get a doctor but he couldn't bring him around. It took all the worry off the shoulders of the insanity board."

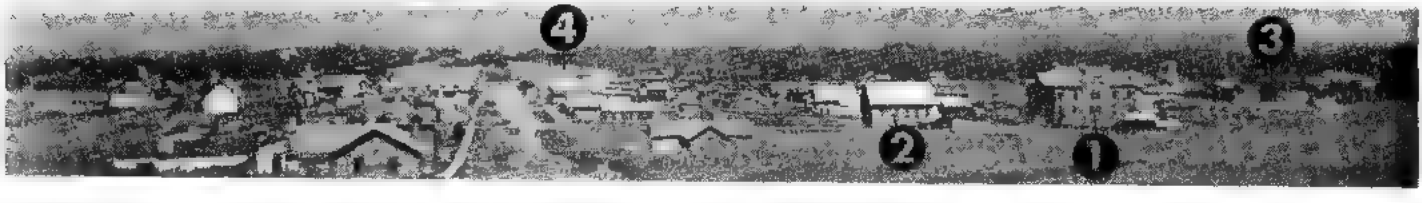
PROSE stayed on at the courthouse until the following spring when he went out to the Sikes and Carroll Ranch on Little Knife Creek to work. My uncle, Charley Weagant, who had just recently returned from the Spanish-American War, took over the job of janitor and jailer.

It was during that summer that Hans Thorp was tried for murder and convicted. Jim Johnson was the prosecuting attorney who got Thorp convicted. He was sentenced to be hanged and the execution was speedily carried out. My Uncle Charley told me that he and my father were deputized as special deputies to assist with the execution. He said that it was his job to sit up all night with the condemned man. He did not tell me what my father's duties were until quite a few years ago, shortly before he died. Uncle Charley told my sister that our father had been the deputy who sprang the trap of the gallows. If my uncle had all of his facts straight, and he probably did, it was a well kept family secret for over fifty-five years.

The execution of Thorp did not put an end to violence around and near Minot. Two young men who were raised in Minot and attended school there were soon to make the headlines. Willy Ross and Carl Hanson had a reputation of being difficult even before their schooldays were over. Their favorite diversion was playing hooky from school. Willy's

(Continued on page 54)

An early view of Minot, North Dakota (believed to be late 1880s). Buildings identified: 1. Highschool 2. Methodist Church 3. The Soo Line Railroad water tank 4. The Leland Hotel.



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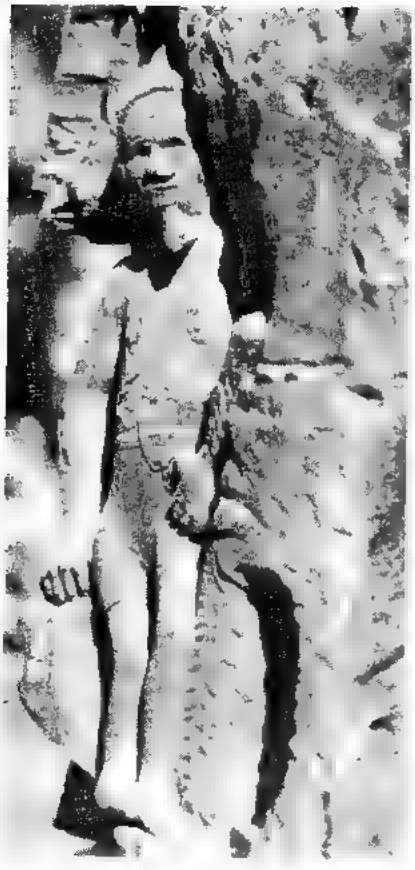
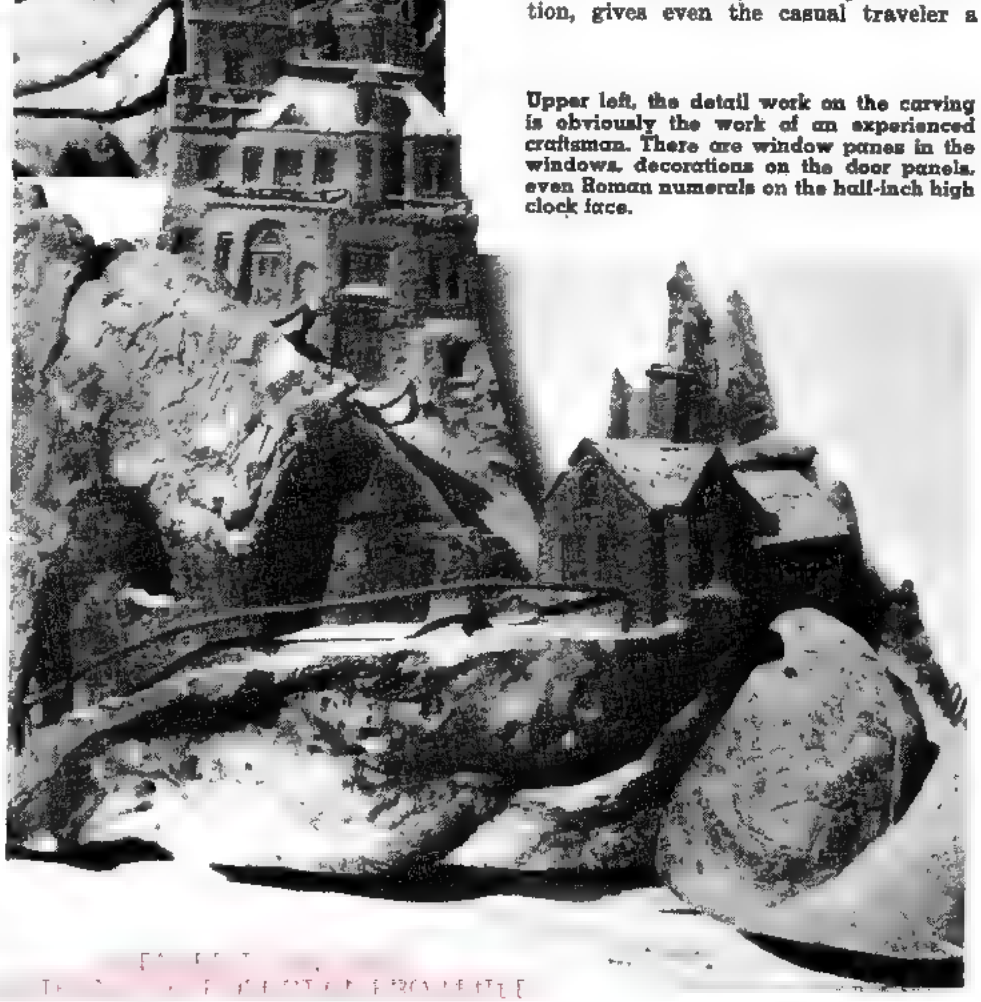
An improbable object at an improbable site . . .

ONE MORE MYSTERY FOR THE SUPERS

SINCE the day of the treasure-seeking Conquistadores the Superstition Mountains of south-central Arizona have enticed men into their tortuous canyons. The limited, distant view of these mountains, from either Highway 60 or 88 branching from Apache Junction, gives even the casual traveler a





Upper left, the detail work on the carving is obviously the work of an experienced craftsman. There are window panes in the windows, decorations on the door panels, even Roman numerals on the half-inch high clock face.

feeling of challenge. Add the legend of a Spanish gold cache, fabulous old Mexican mines, plus the much publicized Lost Dutchman—and the Superstitions are almost irresistible.

There are *some* facts and *many* rumors of Indian and white man guarding secret wealth, of prospecting partners wiping each other out, decapitated bodies, and an unknown number of disappearances. Yet in spite of all the tragic stories, prospectors and treasure hunters continue to prowl the Superstitions, each hoping to find hidden riches.

A number of years ago a friend of mine answered the call of this incredibly rough mountain range. Having roamed and prospected the Mojave Desert and southern Arizona in weekend escapes from job pressure in the aircraft field,

By ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

TITIONS

he was well equipped with survival and prospecting know-how.

Exactly when he went and how long he was gone was never discussed. Nothing was said about where he entered the Superstitions, the route of his hike, or what he saw or found. But he did bring me a priceless gift from the Superstitions and added one more mystery to the already abundant list.

IN one of the rocky, brush-covered canyons he came upon a cave which appeared to have been occupied at one time. Far back in the cavern, buried under years of dust and pack rat debris, his light picked up the outline of an unusual shaped object. Shaken free from the rubble, a beautifully carved castle emerged. A German castle carved by the famed Dutchman of the Lost Dutchman Mine?

My friend placed the art object in his pack and hiked "more miles than I'd like to remember," was the way he put it. "There were times when I wanted to dump the extra weight and forget I'd ever seen it," then he added, "I really didn't expect it to survive the trip and some parts did break off."

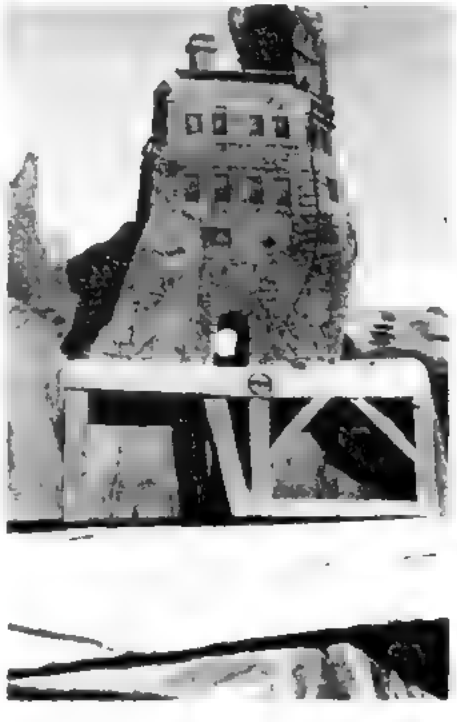
On far left (opposite page) is the troll or giant who guards the stairway to the castle. Nearly as tall as the castle, the figure is also highly detailed. Could this represent the super-strong folk figure that protects "Rhine Gold" in Germany's epic story? At left (opposite page) is an overall view of the carving found in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. Fashioned of ironwood, the piece is 12 inches long, 7 inches at the widest point, and 10 inches high to the part where the tower is missing.

Above, another view of the castle's "guardian." The blank space to the right of the figure has only one arm carved, the remainder was either never completed or broke loose. It appears to have had one leg across the stairway and possibly faced the tunnel opening that is part of the great hall that goes completely through the carving. Below is the back of the carving. In faint pencil the date 1898 and Josef Langen (or Langer) is written on back of the bracework, which seems to have been in preparation for a final piece of wood that would have completed the "rock" base.

The castle made the trip out in surprisingly good condition, nevertheless, and my first look at it brought to mind the fairy tale illustrations in children's books. The intricate detail intimated that a German had done the carving and I couldn't help wondering if Jacob Walzer was not only a prospector but an artist too. Rumor and a few facts have Walzer living in the mouth of a cave somewhere near a cache of gold or a high-grade mine. The German-born and educated immigrant was known to have shipped some $250,000 in gold to the U.S. Mint between the years of 1880 and 1889. Before his death in 1891 he gave a few hints which made his gold forever synonomous with the Superstitions.

Walzer would leave Phoenix headed toward the Superstitions and return in a few days with gold-laden pack animals, having covered a distance of at least seventy miles. The distance covered and the time involved seemed to indicate that he did little or no digging, just loading. The few remarks he had dropped through the years didn't really say he had a mine but that he worked a cone-shaped pit on a mountainside in

(Continued on page 38)



William "Billy" Armstrong at age 92.

William "Big Foot" Wallace

By EDYTHE A. ROSENBERRY
Photos Courtesy Author

OLD

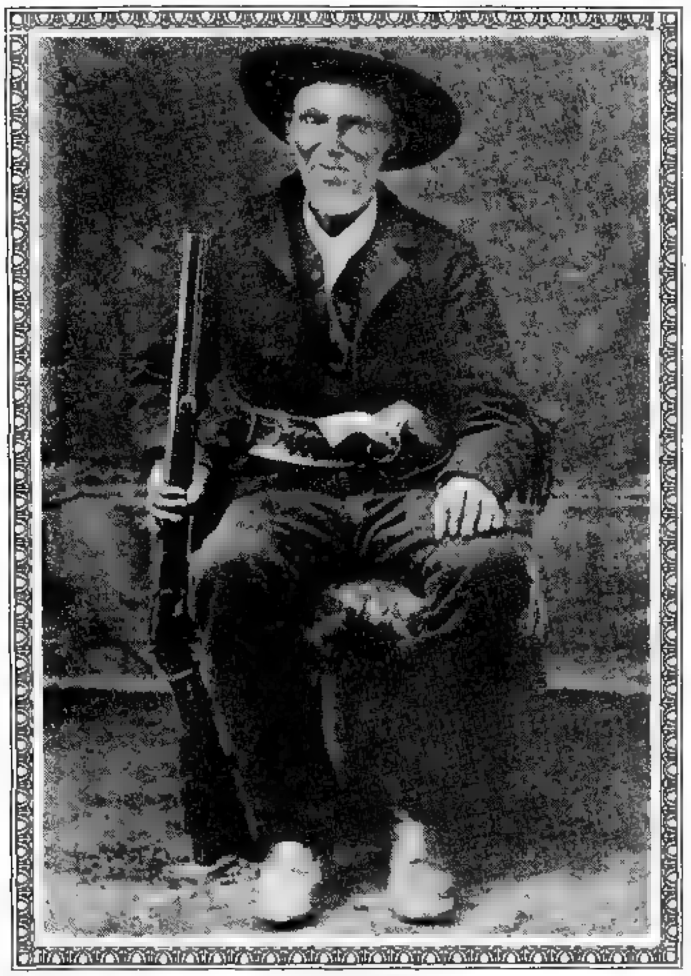
Men who escaped death in this infamous Mexican prison might be considered blood brothers, literally and figuratively

WILLIAM (BILLY) ARMSTRONG was a born adventurer, born in an adventuresome time—1832. His parents, George and Theresa (Rice) Armstrong, who lived in the vicinity of Cincinnati, Ohio, were worthy people, and Billy was well reared, but he left home when very young with a friend, Jim Luka. The boys went to the headwaters of the Mississippi River, and there hunted, trapped and traded in furs and skins on Lake Pippin for one winter.

They dealt principally with the Indians, trading them whiskey for furs and skins, and it was a dangerous business. Once, after imbibing too much firewater, the Indians took possession of their camp, and Billy and Jim were glad to escape with their lives. They made their way to the mouth of the St. Croix River by water, and during this voyage Billy lost overboard a fine silvermounted gun. Worn out and without a dollar, all his winter's work in the hands of the Indians, he worked his way 400 miles down to Dubuque, Iowa. There he met with another loss. His fine watch and his friend Jim disappeared simultaneously.

Being still of a venturesome spirit, Billy and five companions started overland for California with the expectation of joining a wagontrain in Independence, Missouri; but the train had passed several days before, so the six young men decided to go to Texas. Dur-

Below (and on opposite page), Perote Prison as it looks today. Billy Armstrong was only 19 years old when he was captured in the Battle of Miers, Mexico. He spent almost two years in the infamous hell-hole along with his three good friends, Big Foot Wallace, Ben Slaughter, and Sam McCulloch.



Sam McCulloch

Ben Slaughter

FRIENDS FROM PEROTE

ing this journey of more than 2,000 miles Billy rode a horse, "Iowa Jim," which he afterwards sold in Austin for $120. There he joined the Ranger service, becoming a member of Captain Caty's Company. After serving three months, Billy joined Captain Ross' Company.

While Billy was stationed at Waco, a treaty was made with the Indians in which the whites were to find and destroy all whiskey. Billy was put in command of fifty men to perform this duty and as he said, "Of course, our canteens were full all the time in those days!"

A short time later the Mexican War broke out, and each company of Texas Rangers volunteers enlisted, except for ten men per company. Billy Armstrong, under the command of General Harney, started for Mexico. A part of the command of 800 men was left in the vicinity of Camargo and the remainder went on to Monterrey, where Billy had his horse shot from under him in the storming of the city. Afterwards he was sent back to the Rio Grande, and made a few raids up and down the river. He was finally retired and paid off at San Marcos, Texas after which he lived in different parts of the state.

FROM that time on, as no one was on the frontier but the Rangers for many years, Billy Armstrong had many

(Continued on page 44)

LOST HOFUS

At left, James Chapin "Pa" Meader, known as "The Father of the Mogollons," went looking for Hofus.

MOGOLLON prospectors and miners, when reminiscing about Breck Hofus, often said, "He dug straight down to hell and no one has seen him since!"

Their reference was to a 400' shaft, but none of them had the faintest idea where it was. Wistfully they speculated, for Hofus had sold a lot of raw gold before disappearing. Supposedly he "went somewhere else" yet nobody ever knew for certain. Hofus vanished from New Mexico's Mogollon Mountains—literally.

He left two things behind: a canyon named for him about three miles east of Pleasanton; and a legend that has increased in importance in recent years.

No one knew from where or even when Hofus arrived in the mining area originally discovered by Sergeant James Cooney in 1874. People first became aware of him in April 1880 when Chief Victorio of the Mimbres Apaches pulled his bloody raid through the valley of the San Francisco River. Hofus was in the mountains when the series of attacks began, and was quickly discovered.

A few warriors were sent to wipe out the lone white man, but the wily Hofus saw them first. When they charged his camp on foot, he killed five from a rock cover on the slope above. Forced back, the Apaches had a council and tried it again. Opening fire at long range that time, Hofus killed five more. The few survivors fell back to Victorio's main force.

The chief called off further attack as much too costly, and that night sent warriors to sneak out their dead and cache them in a cave. They were found a few days later by a volunteer force from Silver City sent to help the settlers, prospectors and miners fight off the Apache raiders.

Through his deadly lone stand, Hofus immediately became a man of stature among the scattered inhabitants; but the short, heavy-set fellow of forty-five, with a thick rusty beard and twinkling blue eyes, did *no* talking whatsoever. Although well liked by others, he seldom mixed with convivial groups in the valley towns when he was there buying supplies. Obviously he had had mining experience in goldfields elsewhere, but he never mentioned his past.

Wherever he found his gold, a "lead" mine soon lost, legend has zoomed his discovery as being worth more than Jacob Waltz's notorious Superstition Mine. In

Alma, New Mexico, one of Hofus' supply centers.

MINE

It was a "narrow vein of solid gold that pitched straight down... kept widening out and got better." Breck Hofus knew all about the first 400 feet of it—then what happened?

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

my opinion, Waltz was a thieving high-grader, an inveterate liar and a cold-blooded murderer. Hofus was exactly the opposite.

A few months after he entered the Mogollons, he sold $2,600 worth of raw gold at Silver City. A lot of lucky prospectors were selling gold picked up off the ground in those days. Hofus did not dispose of his next recovery in the river valley towns either, but made another cautious trip to Silver City to the south. Rich float, or "blossom" ore, was being gathered off the ground, and it was assumed then, and later by some, that Hofus' first gold was obtained that way.

THE great ore bodies of gold, silver and copper on the western slopes of the Mogollons produced untold millions in their time. For jackass prospectors the surface provided small fortunes. Without a doubt the peculiar geological conditions making this possible are found nowhere else in the Western Hemisphere (not placer mining).

The great uplift forming the Mogollon Range is a mass of successive sheets of volcanic strata superimposed one on another. On the western side of the mountains they dip to the southwest. The composition, texture, and color of the formations containing the valuable ores vary widely. They run from quartz-trachyte porphyry and pitchstone trachyte to quartz-porphyry. Underlying the quartz-trachyte are sheets of andesite, and andesite brecca and quartz prophyries. Due to volcanic action the steep slopes are extensively faulted. The veins of gold, silver and copper are in true fissures. Frequently they follow the fault planes, or breaks, known to old-time prospectors as fault-fissures.

Haunting the Wilcox Mining District, named for its discoverer who was killed during Victorio's raid, Hofus located a secret mine. Other prospectors attempted to find his diggings and failed. Records of mining claims were searched for clues, but Hofus never filed on his. Probably the reason he did not stake his claim and record it was because he did not want others crowding in on him until he made the really big strike. Some evidence of this appeared later.

As rumors spread that Hofus had a very rich mine, hardcase prospectors began trailing him whenever he left Mogollon or Alma with supplies. One group of three managed to follow him onto Big Dry Creek. In the roughest kind of country—massed rocks, deep, small canyons and heavy timber—he lost them, irrevocably. They tried tracking, but his burro sign gradually vanished.

By that time the hardcases were tangled up and lost themselves. With

At left, a freight train enroute to the Mogollon mines. Below, the double falls on Dry Creek, very near the spot where Hofus eluded his pursuers.

Below, it was at this Alma, New Mexico store (at the time, owned and operated under a different name) that Hofus ordered his unusually long hoist rope.

The San Francisco River. Chief Victorio led his warriors in raids down the river valley. Victorio's scouts soon learned of Hofus' presence in the mountains, and they turned their attention toward him.

some difficulty and hardships they made it out of the wilderness and returned to Mogollon.

Four months later Hofus appeared in Alma. That river town was a trading center for all the surrounding region, which included the vast W. S. Ranch where outlaws often found jobs as cowboys while hiding out from lawmen.

On this occasion five lazy prospectors, hoping to get in on his find, observed the direction from which he appeared. Two of them promptly backtracked him all the way to where he had crossed Whitewater Creek. Taking stands in hiding they waited, sure that Hofus would return sometime later that day.

The three in town never let Hofus get out of their sight while he bought grub and tools, and packed two burros. He seemed to be unaware of being watched, or even conscious that anyone could be interested in him. As it turned out, he must have known for he proved to be a very clever mountain man.

On leaving town past mid-afternoon he struck off south through the foothills, not on the eastward course he had followed into Alma. Reaching Whitewater Creek a mile out of Glenwood in the falling dusk he went into camp. After pulling the burro packs, he hobbled the animals and built a big fire. The men who were following him left their horses in cover before sneaking close in the brush and rocks.

Hofus was observed cooking a meal and leisurely consuming it. As the fire died down he cleaned the metal utensils and spread blankets and tarpaulin on the ground under two close growing trees. It looked like he had turned in for the night, so the prospectors retreated, ate cold grub, and went to sleep on the ground.

Mogollon, New Mexico, Hofus' main source for supplies.

UNDER scurrying pre-dawn clouds they saddled up, moving close enough to be able to observe Hofus when he broke camp. But the sun came all the way up without any evidence of him. An hour later they grew suspicious.

Going on to the campsite they found hardly any evidence that Hofus had even been there. His firebed was covered with loose dirt and stones. Sometime near morning he had packed and cunningly slipped away from them. This meant that he knew they were around.

Badly put out, they started following his tracks and had no trouble doing so south of Whitewater Creek. Then Hofus made a bee-line for Big Dry Creek, and close to Twin Falls all evidence of his passage vanished in the rocks.

The balance of the day was wasted attempting to pick up his trail. That night they rode back to Alma, finding their two luckless companions already there.

On his next trip to Alma, Hofus ordered two coils of rope at the store that would later become the Jones-McKeen Mercantile Company. A miner having use for that much rope caused considerable speculation, but no direct inquiries were made of him. Although genial and friendly in manner, his taciturn manner brooked no interrogation. As for that, asking *any* prospector questions about his business was strongly akin to an insult.

To need that much rope must mean that he had a deep shaft somewhere. He had never bought powder for blasting at that store, yet cautious inquiries made in the other valley towns and at Cooney revealed that he hadn't bought any in any of those places, either. It was about this time that the stories about him began circulating that were later to become a legend. Three months after placing his order Hofus returned with four burros. The rope was paid for in raw gold, weighed out on the store scales. Each coil of rope was rerolled in half and loaded onto a burro that way to equalize the weight over the pack saddles. On leaving Alma he took the regular road south to Pleasanton. After remaining overnight near that farming village he headed into the mountains directly east.

No sooner did he reach the cover of the foothills than two men with an Apache Indian procured from the Mescalero agency, went after him. The Indian was specially hired to track Hofus to his mine and because he was an expert who presumably could not fail, the two hardcases played safe by remaining well behind.

Hofus took up the rocky canyon later on named for him. Running east it emptied into the San Francisco River near the Goddard ranch of frontier times. Soon after entering the canyon the Indian, a quarter-mile ahead of the

(Continued on page 57)

Early-Day "Town Houses"

(Continued from page 19)

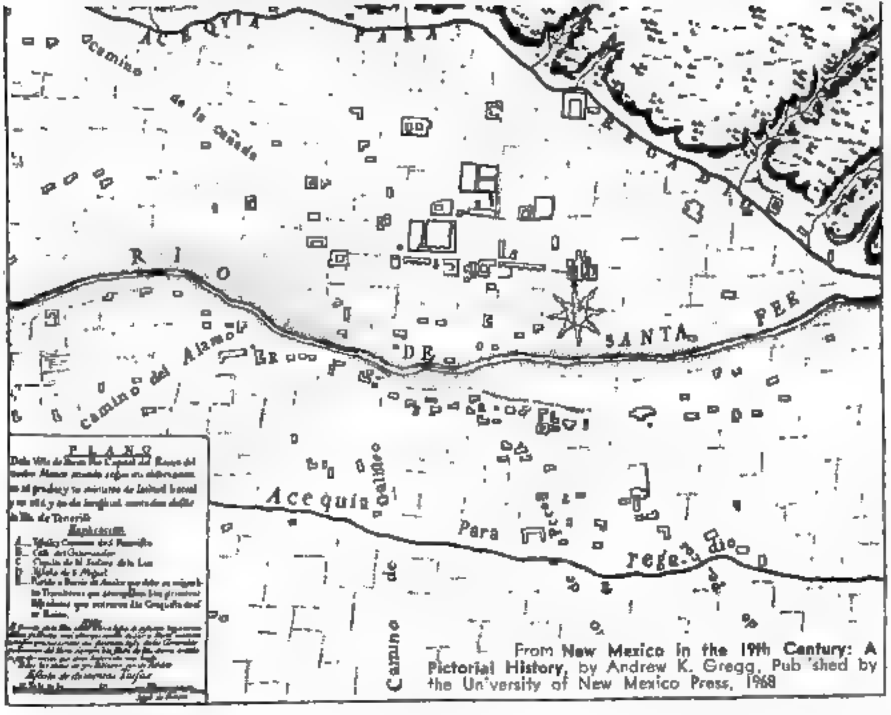
packing of earth. Roofs tended to leak in heavy rains.

Houses with adobe brick walls were built in one of two forms. The form most frequently seen along the Lower Chama today is one that may have prevailed from the start, the sectional adobe or "boxcar" house. The original nucleus consisted of two or three rooms built along a single axis with a single door to the outside and window to each room, all facing in the same direction. Inside, open doorways screened by curtains connected the rooms.

Additional sections were built along the same axis or at right angles, sometimes joined to the original section but at other times simply built adjacent. Each section was the width of a single room and housed a family consisting of husband and wife, their children, and, possibly, an aged or dependent relative. The grouping of sections created a compound around a patio shared by the several related families. In these family compounds a great deal of work was shared. Much of the cooking was done outdoors over a hearth protected by a *ramada* (brush shelter) and in adobe baking ovens, producing meals for the entire population of the compound. In wintertime, more cooking was done by separate households, using the corner fireplaces inside the homes, which also provided heat for the rooms.

The second form of house was a structurally unified version of the sectional type, built around a patio and generally entered through a massive front gate and entry corridor called a *zaguán*. This form of house is called a *plazuela* in Abiquiu, and it actually is a minimum model of the enclosed, fortified plaza advocated by the colonial authorities. Two *plazuela* structures survive on the hilly ridges of Abiquiu. One is the former home of a wealthy Gonzales family, and the other is a house of unknown antiquity, purchased in the late nineteenth century by General José María Chavez. Its location is very likely the same as that of the Miguel Montoya house. A room in one of its oldest sections is called "the Ute room." It has its own cooking hearth and apparently is the place where visiting Utes were lodged. According to a dimly remembered tradition, Utes who remained overnight in a settlement were securely locked into a room. General Chavez enlarged the house he bought, but left intact its crumbling *torreón* and its small windows, which opened toward the enclosed patio. The outer walls were all blank, providing some protection from surprise attack. It was built on a high, jutting bluff, virtually impregnable from three sides.

The Montoya residence must have been a large house, since it accommodated Montoya, his wife and minor children, his two married sons with their families, and the servants. This was the house that lodged thirteen Genizaros in 1750, the original nucleus of the Genízaro Grant.


Camino de la cañada
R I O
SANTA
Camino del Alamo
Acequia
Para
Camino
From New Mexico in the 19th Century: A Pictorial History, by Andrew K. Gregg, Published by the University of New Mexico Press, 1968

One of the earliest known maps of Santa Fe, drawn by José de Urrutia, around 1768-68.

THE best-described *plazuela* residence of the Chama Valley in the eighteenth century was the ten-room house mentioned in the will of Antonio de Beytia in 1765. The house stood on the west bank of the Rio de Ojo Caliente, some miles north of its confluence with the Chama. The rooms were built around a square courtyard fronted by a high *zaguán*. The doors and shutters had iron locks. Below the irrigated land on Beytia's property was a gristmill. Beytia had only one son from his marriage, but had reared an unspecified number of foster children, including at least one niece. To each of these children he left direct grants of one hundred *varas* (strips of agricultural land less than a hundred yards wide). Since the will mentions no guardian to administer the bequest on behalf of minors, these [wards] were probably adults, perhaps already married and still living at the Beytia *plazuela*.

A more modest sample of *plazuela* construction is the ground plan of *La Casita* (the Little House) ruins on the Rito Colorado. Termed a "community house," it is an enclosed compound with a high wall sheltering small, joined units. Dr. Herbert Dick, who excavated the ruins in 1958, found features suggestive of Pueblo construction. Since some old documents refer to the place as

A Mexican farmhouse.

From Some Strange Corners of our Country, by Charles F. Lummis, 1892

La Caseta (Sentry House), its original use may have been military, when built sometime in the eighteenth century.

A later structure of *plazuela* type was the closed Plaza de Guadalupe on the Conejos Grant, built in 1854 by the families led by José María Jacquez. In this instance, the several associated families built a single enclosed structure, divided into apartments. While of *jacal* construction, the ranch of José Perez in Rosa followed the same principles of defensive construction. It is a matter of record, however, that enclosed *plazas* and *plazuela* houses were not proof against raids. Both the Beytia and Montoya homes were stormed in the mid-eighteenth century and their residents were forced to flee the area. The *plaza* of Santo Tomás, Abiquiu, was repeatedly breached.

Apparently, experience taught the Chama Valley settlers that enclosed *plazas* and *plazuela* houses provoked Indian raids and provided no real defense against them. To protect lives, the *torreón* was favored, and the settlers learned that it was better to lose some livestock to raiders than to keep their entire herds in the *plaza* as a focus for attack. Besides, those settlers who made friends of the Utes learned early that the more dispersed their living arrangements, the better the Utes could distinguish between friend and foe.

Multi-roomed adobe houses were divided between the heirs of a family, a particularly large room even being divided among several heirs by a certain number of ceiling beams. An heir might keep a room in a house of which he had inherited a part, renting it or saving it for his own lodging during occasional trips to the community where the house stood.

The will of Severino Martinéz, dated June 8, 1827, lists the following as his: one house in the Plaza de la Capilla of Abiquiu, presently in the possession of a nephew; three rooms in another house of the same *plaza*, the rest having been traded off for a house in Taos; 110 *varas* of land in El Rito, plus one room in a house of the Upper Plaza of El Rito. Severino Martinéz had moved from Abiquiu to Taos in 1824 and owned several dwelling units in nearby settlements, including "one medium sized room in the house of my niece Trinidad Salazar" in Arroyo Hondo.

There is scattered mention of wooden houses, *jacals*, and stone houses in early documents of the Chama Valley. *Jacals* are generally mentioned in a context of sheepherding. A *jacal*, however, can be spacious, provided there is timber of sufficient size and abundance to make an ample frame. A majority of the first-settler homes in the San Juan Basin were *jacals*, and some had stood in good condition for more than half a century. When a spacious *jacal* has been thickly mudded over, it is indistinguishable at first glance from a well-plastered adobe brick house.

The term *casa de madera* (wooden house) oppears in a document referring to houses on the Polvadera Tract built by José de Riaño and used by the Montoya brothers in the 1740s. As both families were among the most affluent of their time and as several nuclear families of Montoyas actually lived in the houses, it can be assumed that they were not hovels. They were probably built of adzed logs from the tall pine stands in the mountains.

There is no mention of wooden houses in archives relating to the lower Chama Valley. It is likely, however, that herders used timber where it was available to build both *jacals* with upright poles and log houses. By the time San Juan Basin was settled, many log houses were built in heavily timbered areas, implying abundant previous experience.

The *terreón* (a defensive tower) was diverse in form and in building materials. It might be a freestanding structure, like the *torreón* of José Baca on the Río del Ojo Caliente, or it might be built into the corner of a residence, like the *torreón* of the General Chavez house in Abiquiu. It might be built of stone, stone and adobe, or adobe bricks. Bunting describes a late eighteenth century *torreón* of the Taos area which had a circular ground floor of adobe bricks and an upper story of logs built as six-sided ramparts. Some *torreóns* were square.

INNOVATIONS IN HOUSE STYLE

AN innovation in house style developed in Rosa, evolving from a type introduced in Las Vegas and Tierra Amarilla in the 1870s. Irish-born Thomas Burns had spent part of his boyhood in Wisconsin and built a two-story adobe-brick house in Parkview. Incorporating structural features that came from eastern areas, he put in a steep-gabled roof and dormer windows. Neighbors in the Tierra Amarilla area soon began to build second stories, pitch roofs on their adobe homes, and add balconies and outdoor staircases above their *portals*. As milled lumber became available, these new structures began to acquire a gingerbread appearance and the modified adobe homes looked more and more top-heavy.

Originally, the roofs were covered with cedar shakes, but this led to so many fires that sheet metal was used instead as soon as it became available. Two-story houses were not readily adopted in the Lower Chama and Rio Grande Valleys because their pitched roofs offered no great advantage in areas of moderate to slight precipitation and they needed too much firewood to heat them in winter.

In Rosa, on the other hand, the snowfall was often heavy and firewood and coal were plentiful. Furthermore, the Rosa businessmen wanted to have headquarters and homes which reflected their prestige. At the turn of the century, a number of two-story houses were built in Rosa, less elaborate than their Tierra Amarilla prototypes but boasting splendid construction and a classic refinement or proportions. They were tall houses with walls two feet thick and excellent roofs sporting dormer windows.

It is said that an Anglo carpenter from the Ute Agency assisted in the building of the first such house, belonging to Bidal Candelaria. The nails used in the window frames may well have been appropriated from agency supplies, since such items were not then readily available along the San Juan River.

The houses of Rosa, with their spare, harmonious lines and their gracious, well-insulated interiors, were the flowering of a new synthesis. Using the first major architectural innovations to be introduced into New Mexico in two centuries, they suited both the physical and social setting of the region. These houses continued in use until the 1960s, and in 1962 the adobe bricks of a house completed in 1905 were disassembled, one by one, and used in new construction.

An early cliff-village on the Mancos.

From Some Strange Corners of our Country, by Charles F. Lummis, 1892

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 7)

It is doubtful if any of his children are now living, but his grandchildren should be in their sixties and seventies. Do any of your readers know who they are?—Mr. & Mrs. George D. McLane, 1393 Yampa Avenue, Craig, Colorado 81625

Wood-Snyder-Stout-Worley

I would like to hear from the descendants of my step-grandfather, Emmet P. Wood, born in Missouri or Arkansas January 24, 1844 and died in Burna, Kentucky in August 1928. He married my grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Wooldridge Ramage of Burna in February 1893. He had two daughters, Lula and Idell, by his first wife. Lula married a Snyder, and had one son Sheldon and maybe others. Idell married a Stout and sons, Woodrow, Delbert and Jewel. She later married a Worley and had one son. They lived near Morley, Missouri.—Mrs. Glenn Bebout, 5222 Smith Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46806

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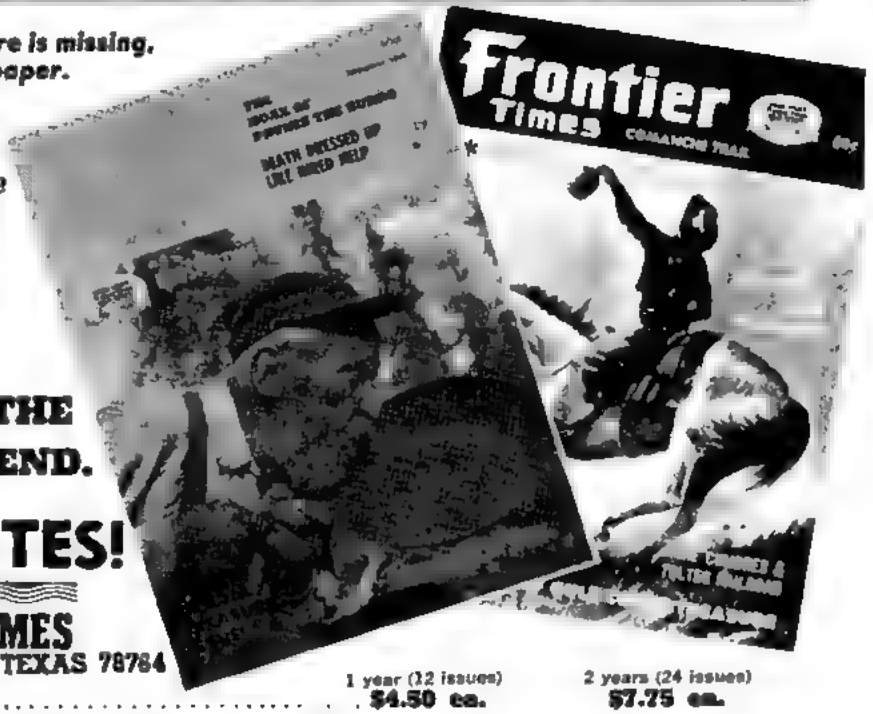

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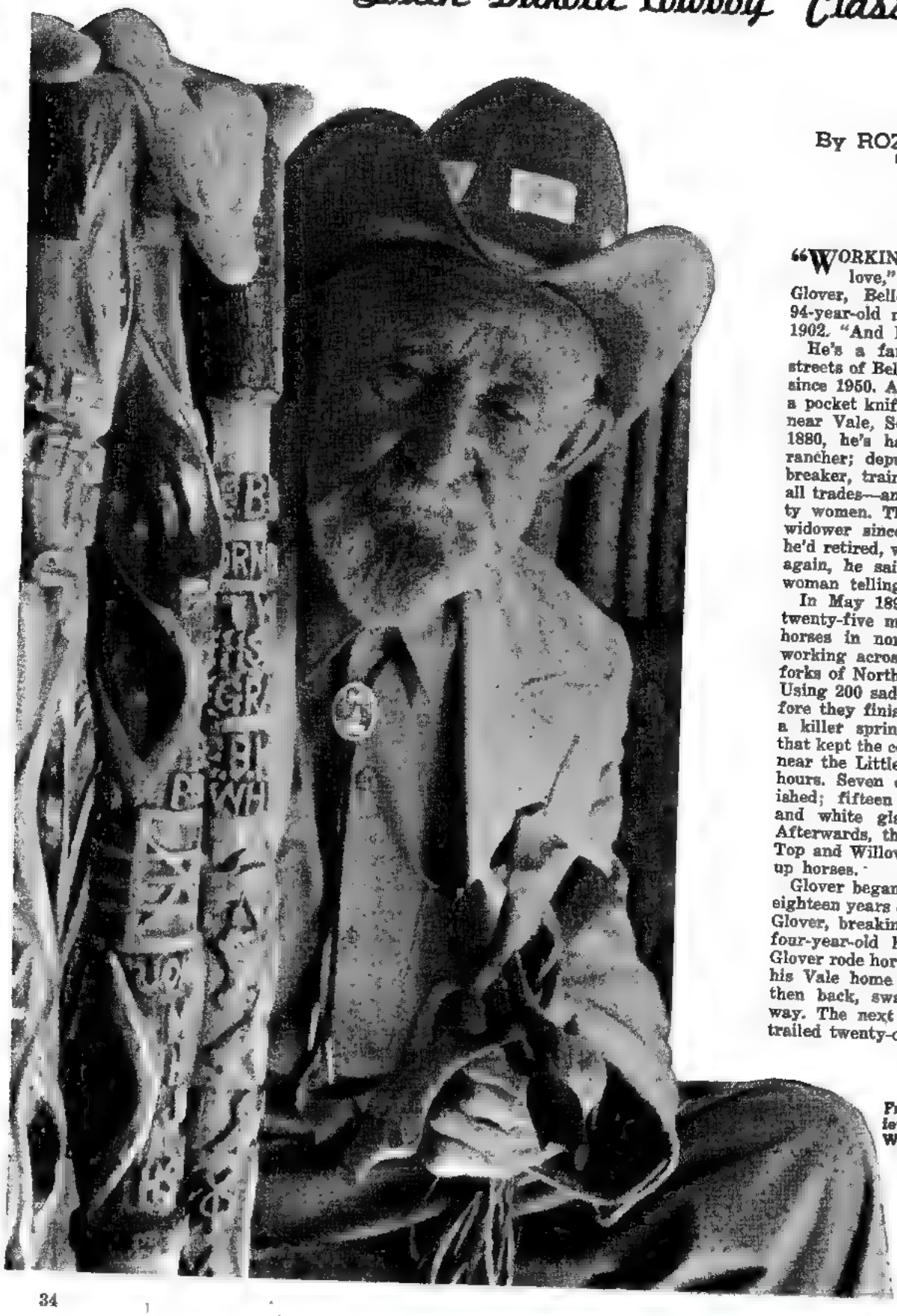
MAN WITH THE DIAMOND

—South Dakota cowboy "Class of 1902"

By ROZELLA BRACEWELL
Photos Courtesy Author



"WORKING with horses was my first love," says Frank (Boomer) Glover, Belle Fourche, South Dakota 94-year-old member of the Cowboys of 1902. "And I'm as sound as a bullet!"

He's a familiar figure strolling the streets of Belle Fourche, where he's lived since 1950. A Diamond Willow cane and a pocket knife are his trademarks. Born near Vale, South Dakota, September 6, 1880, he's had time to be a cowboy; rancher; deputy sheriff; horse breeder, breaker, trainer, racer, jockey; jack-of-all trades—and he's still eyeballing pretty women. Thrice married, he's been a widower since 1924. Once asked, after he'd retired, why he had never married again, he said, "I don't want any old woman telling me what to do!"

In May 1898, Glover and a crew of twenty-five men rounded up 1,000 wild horses in northwestern South Dakota, working across the rough divide to the forks of North and South Indian Creeks. Using 200 saddle horses for the job, before they finished they were trapped in a killer spring blizzard and icy flood that kept the cowboys holed up in a shack near the Little Missouri River for sixty hours. Seven of the saddle horses perished; fifteen head of beautiful black and white glass-eyed pintos drowned. Afterwards, the crew swept on to Two Top and Willow Creek country rounding up horses.

Glover began cowboying when he was eighteen years old with his father, Bethel Glover, breaking a string of three- and four-year-old horses to ride. In 1900, Glover rode horseback the 220 miles from his Vale home to Miles City, Montana, then back, swapping horses along the way. The next spring he and a friend trailed twenty-one saddle horses, includ-

Frank Glover, 93, with a few of his famous Diamond Willow canes.

Courtesy Rapid City Journal;
Rapid City, S. Dakota

WILLOW CANE

ing five unridden broncs, ninety miles to Pedro, South Dakota. Too, they worked for the Bar S cattle outfit. Later they trailed three strings of horses, eleven head each, on to Fort Pierre, a hundred miles distant.

Then Glover helped round up 1,100 head of steers between the Bad and White Rivers for the 5 outfit owned by "Angora Goat" Scott, of Spearfish. And he worked for Orlin Holcomb, manager of the OHO cattle spread on the Cheyenne Indian Reservation. In between these jobs, he nursed fellow cowboys through smallpox epidemics, and other friends during scarlet fever sieges.

FRANK GLOVER is one of a handful of living cowboys who worked in South Dakota's famous 1902 Last Roundup on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations, and elsewhere in the western half of the state. This ground was free range then. Reservation grazing land was leased. Cattle had been shipped up from Texas and New Mexico and delivered to major towns—Evarts, Pierre, Chamberlain, Rapid City and Belle Fourche. Herds were scattered across the vast rangeland, over 200 miles wide, with 200 to 300 head being dropped off at each little creek. By spring, after a harsh winter, the cattle had wandered far over the rolling prairies, mixing with other drifting cattle from Montana, Wyoming, and Nebraska.

The Federal government demanded that all livestock be removed from the Indian Reservations and that a tax of one dollar per head be paid. In June 1902, the Stockmen's Association, representing thirteen ranches, organized a giant roundup lasting three months, with eighteen wagons working. They met at the forks of the White River, along with throwback wagons from Montana and northwestern South Dakota.

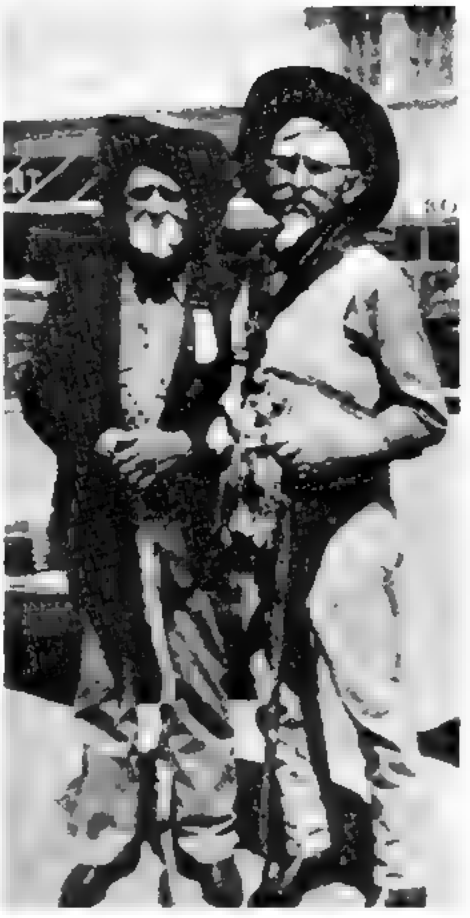
Some 540 cowboys had a string of 10-12 saddle horses each, besides the other horses used. They rounded up thousands of Texas Longhorns and Whitefaced Herefords in an area from Pierre on the Missouri River, west to the Black Hills, and south to the Nebraska border. Tallies vary, but some outfits had 20,000 to 30,000 head of cattle apiece to locate. A man's word was his bond; money and verbal contracts swiftly changed hands. And there was the tax collector waiting.

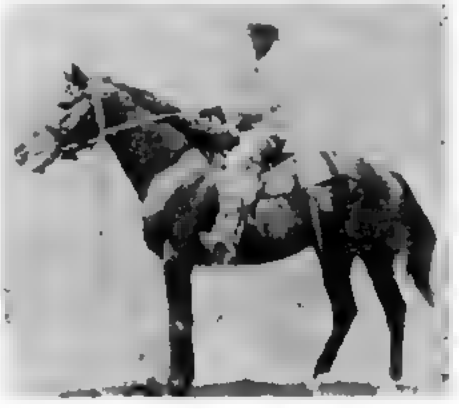
In the spring of 1903 Glover went to work for Ed Lemmon, owner-manager of the ⊥Γ outfit (Reverse L 7) with headquarters in South Dakota's Shadehill country on the Grand River, near the North Dakota border. They ran 31,000 head of cattle on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation. Glover broke wild horses to ride and drive, and went on Lemmon's twenty-man fence gang as a post driver. They built forty-two miles of new fencing, two miles a day, on the south side of the Grand River where the L7 leased grazing rights.

During the time Glover worked for this ranch, the wagon boss, Oliver Rose, had to go after 1,700 two-year-old steers being shipped from Oregon and Nevada to Dickinson, North Dakota. There was a two-weeks delivery delay, so the waiting cowboys ate, drank, and made merry.

The mayor of Dickinson rolled out the town's red carpet, requesting that the cowboys promise not to run down women or children pedestrians or shoot out plate-glass windows. One of the most admired saloon girls, Connie, formerly from Deadwood, had a business in Dickinson

(Continued on page 40)





Above, Frank Glover (left) and Billie Shoun after the Belle Fourche, South Dakota Fourth of July parade in 1970. At left, Frank Glover on Sir Herid. The animal weighed 1280 pounds. Below, Frank and a few of his "papered" thoroughbreds.

Wild Old Days!

MY LUCKY DAY

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I purchased my first metal detector, which opened my eyes to a whole new world of adventure and excitement. I was up early the next morning after I'd bought it and ate a hurried breakfast, loaded my new detector into the car and headed for an area where a town used to be a hundred years ago. There is nothing there now, as most of the town burned. This had been a gold mining town and had several stores, saloons, a blacksmith shop and various other shops. It also had a sizable Chinese community. This is merely one of Oregon's old settlements that have vanished without a trace.

When I arrived at the townsite I got my detector out and started working my way back and forth across the bare hillside. I immediately got a reading, and sank my digging tool into the earth. My prize was an old brass suspender buckle. The next reading I got brought a rusted straight-razor blade to the surface. After about an hour I had a whole sack of large caliber rim fire cartridges, brass buttons, straight razors, ox shoes, suspender and belt buckles, lead slugs and balls, pieces of firearms and various other items.

Then it finally happened—all of a sudden out came a disc-shaped object that looked like a coin. It *was* a coin! A Chinese coin! This really got me excited and I started searching with renewed enthusiasm. A short time and distance later I got another good reading and found another one. It was mid-day by then, but I had forgotten all about the lunch I had in the car. I was much too excited to think about eating, and having too much fun to care.

A couple of hours, and several more Chinese coins later, I found a spot where some old bricks were protruding from the ground and I started working this area very carefully. I had just got started when the detector sang out loud and clear, right at the edge of some bricks. After a couple of minutes of careful probing, I located something and unearthed it. It was a coin, but this time it was not Chinese. As I gently cleaned the dirt away I could see that it was a Seated Liberty quarter. My heart was pounding like a jackhammer, clear into my throat. It was an 1855 quarter with an S mint mark, and was in beautiful condition.

After spending quite some time admiring my find I resumed my search. It must have been fifteen or twenty minutes later that I found another coin, this one was an 1850 dime which had no mint mark. Within a short while I got another reading and unearthed my third American coin—an 1839 half-dime with an O mint mark. I was so engrossed in what I was doing I failed to notice that it was getting dark. When I finally realized that I would need a flashlight to continue, I decided I'd better stop for the day.

Back home I laid out my finds on a dishtowel and took inventory. I had found dozens of assorted relics, plus a half-dozen Chinese coins and three American coins. I have been on many successful outings with my detector since then, and have made many very good finds, but I still look back on this particular hunt, my first, and consider it my lucky day.—Excerpted from *Treasure Hunting* © by Marvin and Helen Davis.

THE DUKE OF MUDDY WATERS

By Tom G. Murray

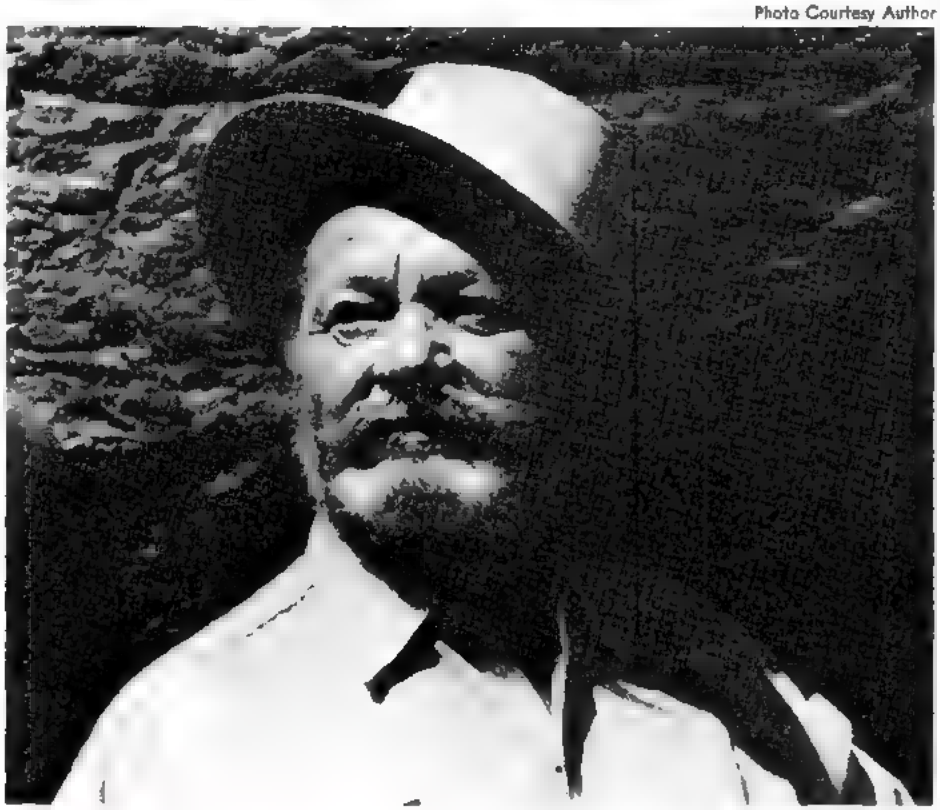
JOHN WARD JOHNSTON, known in the Death Valley region as The Duke of Muddy Waters, was born April 3, 1903 in Parry Sound, Canada. The Duke told me that the late Helen Gunn (owner of the Minnetta Mine) always called him the "Duke of the Muddy." Cy Babcock always got a big grin out of him when he'd say, "You are not The Duke of Muddy Waters, you are The Duke of Bilge Water."

Johnston was about the last of the old prospectors and miners in the Trona and Death Valley area. During World War II he stopped looking for that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow to enlist in the United States Navy as a gunners mate. After the war he was very proud to become a Yankee. On May 13, 1945 he was discharged from the Navy at Camp Parks, California; he was naturalized in Los Angeles on September 27, 1946.

When there was a lull in mining, the Duke would work at resorts, usually at Wildrose Station or Panamint Springs. He was a great favorite among the tourists when telling his tall tales. The late Tom Mathew, a director and past-president of the Death Valley '49ers, in a letter to me dated October 15, 1971 wrote, "Several years ago I used to stop at Wildrose and listen to the Duke of Muddy Waters and Seldom Seen Slim conning the 'Emigrants.' A woman in a Cadillac drove up. She said she wanted to interview Slim. The Duke said, 'You

The Duke of Muddy Waters at Wildrose Station in Death Valley.

Photo Courtesy Author



can't talk to him now, he's sleeping—he just hiked in from his gold mine with some samples; he is tired out, I won't permit anyone to talk to him till he's rested up.'

"Slim, the Duke and others had drunk a couple of Emigrants dry. Slim, the Indian, and two winos were passed out. The longest hike Slim had taken for several days was from the bar to the can. The Duke was reeling all over the place, he tried to sit on a bench, missed and laid there till dark, when I took off for Stove Pipe Wells.

"We used to sit at Stove Pipe Wells (when Stan Jones was Ranger, he wrote 'Ghost Riders In The Sky') at sunset to see if we could see the Ghost Riders. I only saw them once real clear and I was sober; some of the others would see the 'Jim Daniels Riders.'"

I NEVER CAN recall seeing the Duke of Muddy Waters without a grin or smile clear across his sun-toned mug. One day I was in the market at Trona when the owner announced over the public address system, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Honorable Duke of Muddy Waters is now entering the market." The Duke was one of those rare characters who somehow made you feel good all over. He was like Death Valley Scotty, the soul of hospitality.

I recall a story the Duke told me about his famous friend, Shorty Harris, the prospector. A friend was visiting Shorty at his cabin at Ballarat (where Slim is buried). A man who was almost a stranger to Shorty came by and told Shorty he was hungry and broke. Shorty reached into his pocket and handed the man a ten-spot. When he left, Shorty's friend said, "Why, Shorty, don't you know that guy is a s-o-b?"

"Yes, I know," Shorty answered, then he said, "but even s-o-bs got to eat!" Those old-timers—if they didn't find gold—certainly had it in their hearts.

The last time I saw my friend Duke was in Trona about six or seven months before he died. I told him I was the new owner of the Minnetta Mine—that Major Edwards had quit-claimed it to me. The Duke agreed to live at the mine and do the assessment work. It was a hot summer and the Duke had a chance to stay a week or so at a friend's mine at a cooler altitude. After the visit he was going to live at the Minnetta.

The high altitude proved too much for the Duke's heart. He was rushed to Lone Pine Hospital where he died September 27, 1972. In the meantime would-be claim-jumpers (the old-timers have another name for them) moved onto my mine and are still there.

We buried our beloved Duke on Monday, October 2, in the Searles Valley Cemetery on the outskirts of Trona. The Trona American Legion conducted a military service with a Navy honor guard from nearby China Lake. He was survived by his mother, Mrs. Mary Johnston of Glendale, who has since died, and his sister, Mrs. Margaret Cain of Los Angeles. Ballarat Bob was one of the pallbearers. It was the first time I ever saw Bob in Sunday clothes, looking like a preacher.

After the funeral I penned a little farewell message which reads in part:

"Farewell, Duke of sagebrush and sand and the wild winds, of the desert storms and flaming sunsets and all that made life and the mystery of the desert so beautiful." John Ward "Buck" Johnston was an unforgettable friend.

JIM STINSON OF TONTO BASIN

By Ivy Silvey McChesney

IN 1873 WHEN James A. (Jim) Stinson came to the Salt River Valley, he was one of the first settlers of that part of Arizona. By 1878 he had about three hundred acres under irrigation from the waters of Silver Creek. Soon a Mormon colony arrived and Jim was offered $11,000 for his holdings. He accepted and was paid off in livestock.

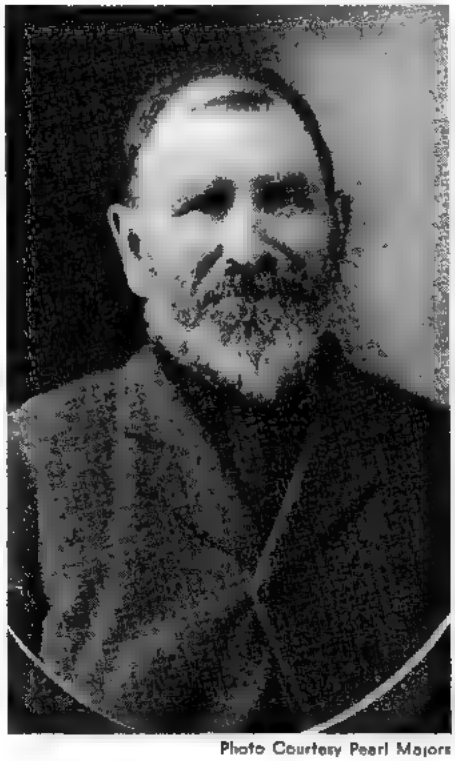


Photo Courtesy Pearl Majors

James A. (Jim) Stinson

Bishops Flake and Snow who transacted the deal renamed the settlement its present name Snowflake. (A historical marker at Snowflake records this transaction.)

Jim was in need of pasture for his sizable herd, so when a drifter told him of a beautiful valley in the Tonto Basin where grass was stirrup-high and nothing to graze it but antelope and deer, he decided to locate there. In the spring of 1879 Jim and his wife, with their cattle, arrived in the Tonto Basin to settle in Pleasant Valley on the banks of Cherry Creek. The place was a cattleman's paradise; tall grass, excellent water, and abundant wild game. The fact that the nearest white settlement was over a hundred miles away was of no concern.

Stinson's first neighbors, the Grahams, settled a short distance to the south. Tom and John Graham were later employed by Jim as riders.

Trouble started when another neighbor moved in, settling to the south of the Grahams. A feud developed between the Grahams and the Tewkesburys. Some historians believe that the feud had an earlier beginning, perhaps in a previous location. At any rate, the immense sheep herds of Mr. Tewkesbury invading cattle country did nothing to improve relations between the two families. A bloody range war was in the making.

JIM STINSON was a peace-loving man who made a great effort to not become involved in his neighbors' quarreling. He wasn't alarmed at first when small numbers of his own cattle disappeared. He simply hired more riders.

Then John Gilliland, Jim's foreman, was shot in the leg when he came upon Mr. Tewkesbury and accused him of stealing horses. That incident seems to be on record as the "first blood drawn" in the range trouble.

By this time other cattle outfits had entered the Valley and many of their riders were suspected rustlers. A climate of distrust and suspicion prevailed. Jim Stinson was losing not only his cattle but horses, grain and saddles.

"Looks like we made a big mistake by coming here," Jim told his wife. "This is not 'Pleasant Valley,' anymore." He made his decision that night. "We will have an early roundup and I'll sell the stock for whatever I can get. We will move up to Tempe."

The next two weeks were hectic. Jim hired more riders and hoped they were honest. He found his cattle to be scattered over a wide area, many of them in other herds. Occasionally an animal with peculiar easy-to-identify markings would bear the brand of some other outfit through cleverly worked-over brands. Jim's wife was told to keep the cabin doors bolted as Jim was beginning to fear for his family's safety.

It was the eve of the last day of the roundup that Jim discovered the extent of the malevolence that smouldered in the hearts of his unknown enemies. Fortunately the chuckwagon cook noticed a glittering substance in a sack of flour. Closer investigation revealed the shining particles to be ground glass.

Jim sold the remnants of his once-magnificent herd at a terrific loss, and the Stinsons left Pleasant Valley, thus escaping the range war that followed. Stinson led an eventful life, never allowing misfortune to embitter him. He was in good health until his death in 1932 at the age of ninety-three. He was buried in the little cemetery at Marvel, Colorado.

In Earle R. Forrest's book, *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, the author refers to Jim Stinson as "one of the first of the cattlemen who discovered the rich pasturelands of the Tonto Basin country, and who was in the vanguard of civilization all his life, and from the first to the last he helped to carve trails over the fading frontier for pioneers to follow."

This is a fitting tribute to a courageous man, my grandfather.

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House Calls

(Continued from page 17)

house, eighteen miles away. We were supposed to meet a buckboard, drawn by horses, at the Smokehouse and they, in turn, would rush Mahan on to McCall to the doctor. About noon we topped out on Elk Summit at 9100' and soon made our rendezvous with the buckboard.

After bidding old Matty Mahan goodbye and wishing him good luck, we prepared to stay at the Smokehouse for the night. We gathered plenty of dry wood as the old cabin hadn't been used for years and the doors and windows were all gone. We had to travel light in order to pull the sled, so no one had food or blankets. That was an unforgettable night—smoke so thick you couldn't see or hardly breathe, and the thermometer down to at least 20° below zero.

The following day five tired men arrived back at the Werdenhoff. We were told by our foreman to sleep in the next morning and get rested up. We sure did take advantage of this break. Afterward we all felt better and went back to work.

IT WASN'T until the following day that Emmit complained about feeling weak and tired. The foreman told him to stay in bed and doctor his cold. That evening when I got in from my shift, I found my brother with a high fever, weak and all choked up. I'd never had much experience with sickness but I conferred with the foreman and his wife (the Hornbergers) and they were very helpful in doing everything possible to help him.

We used cold packs to bring down the fever, some physic and enemas. Emmit became worse each hour and we soon decided to call my father in Weiser and have him bring a doctor from McCall. When Dad received the call, he immediately went into action.

I will always remember the next day after our call for help. Emmit was unconscious and started to hemorrhage from his nose. I applied ice packs to his head, face and neck and kept his feet warm, but to no avail. I knew he was dying but there wasn't anything I could do but pray and watch. It was a regular nightmare happening right before our eyes—to say I wasn't scared would be a lie. With Emmit's pulse so weak and his face absolutely colorless, I knew his life was ebbing away. In desperation, with tears streaming down my face, I screamed to God, with all my might, to bring him back.

Very soon it seemed my prayer had been heard. Some color came back to his face and his pulse became stronger. Afterwards Emmit told me he was dreaming of climbing a mountain, and with every step he became weaker. Finally when he had gone down, without strength to move anymore, he heard someone calling for him to come back.

On the eighth day after we got back from the Smokehouse, Dr. Don Numbers arrived from McCall and it was his treatment that turned the tables and saved my brother's life. The doctor told us that we had done everything possible under the circumstances. Our facilities were very limited.

Noel Routson breaking trail over Elk Summit for the dog-team in 1930.

After my dad got the message in Weiser, he went to McCall and contacted Dr. Numbers there. It was decided that a dog team was the only solution to transport the doctor. They contacted Roy Stover of McCall, who had nine Irish Setters trained for racing. Roy had won blue ribbons at all of the big Winter Carnivals throughout Idaho and Nevada. (May I explain here that in this part of Idaho dogs are worked single file because of the heavy snows and usually have to have trails broken before they can go over the top of the snow.)

Soon Roy and his dog team were taking the doctor to the patient, eighty-five miles distant. The first stop was at Burgdorf Hot Springs, about twenty-five miles, which was made in four hours. (Over fifteen feet of snow lay on Secesh Summit.)

After staying there all night, they reached Warren the next day. At Warren a local dog team was gathered, along with four mountain men, skilled to the snowshoes and thrilled at the chance of helping their fellowman. At Warren my dad John Routson caught up with the doctor and helped organize the remaining—and hardest—part of the journey.

At this time Dad was fifty-four years old but he had spent his life in the back country. For fourteen years he had carried mail by horseback in the summer and by snowshoes in the winter, from Warren to Clover post office via Elk Summit, a distance of sixty-miles one way. He made the round trip in six days, with a limit of fifty pounds on his back, but which usually turned out to be sixty or seventy-five pounds and one hundred fifty pounds in the summer, by horse. No one was ever known to beat John Routson's time on the snowshoes and few could even match it.

After arriving in Warren, the doctor was given enough time to eat and rest a few hours. Then all started on the last lap of the trip except Roy Stover who stayed there and rested his tired dog team for the return trip to McCall. From Warren, the local dog team was used to haul the doctor over Warren Summit and down to the lower elevations on the South Fork of the Salmon River. Along there they all walked on bare ground for eight miles and then continued with webs and dog team for the remainder of the trip. The last lap was made non-stop from Warren to the Werdenhoff.

My brother and I will always have a very warm spot in our hearts for the doctor and those very strong-hearted men who came through by straining every ounce of their endurance.

In about a week after the doctor arrived, my brother Emmit started to gain strength and soon afterward was able to sit up and take nourishment. Six weeks later he was pulled over Elk Summit by dog team and then on out to Weiser via stage and train.

I have always believed that his pneumonia was caused by the exposure we suffered on our trip with Mahan, followed by the miserable night we spent at the Smokehouse.

Everyone in that rugged country welcomed the chance to help his neighbor. It's too bad that we can't have more of that spirit today. It would help make our fast pace of living more tolerable.

One More Mystery

(Continued from page 25)

extremely rough country.

Walzer's gold and its unknown source grew into one of the West's better known legends of lost mines. Stories vary, as do descriptions of the man himself, so who knows now whether he was a quiet, well educated gentleman or one of Arizona's worst scoundrels?

It seems reasonable that Walzer would have been on the lookout for anyone trying to follow him to his gold deposits. While he waited and watched could he have carved a castle? He could have—but after lengthy examination of the carved artifact my friend had found, there was not a scrap of real evidence that pointed to Walzer.

THE DAY I carried the castle out into the sunlight to photograph, the sun picked up a glinting line under the sup-

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ports at the back. With the help of a magnifying glass and much turning to catch the right sunlight there came to view a penciled "1896" and below it, "Josef Langen (or Langer)." That was five years after Walzer had died. Was my artist searching for the gold cache of the Spaniards, the eight mines of the Peraltas or the Dutchman's Lost Mine? Did he become one of the tragic statistics of the Superstitions or did he find so much gold that there was no room for the castle when he left?

Regardless of the Langen mystery, the castle is a unique treasure of the Superstitions. Carved from one large burl that appears to be iron wood, a native of Arizona, and two small attached burls, the castle and grounds measure 12" long, 7" at the widest point and 10" high to the place where the top of the tower is missing. One completed figure, a troll or giant standing guard at one of the entrances, is 5½" high.

The man who carved this beautiful feudal stronghold was a skilled woodworker and familiar with architecture. The curved stairs are so realistic that one can visualize walking down them with ease. Small surfaces become rock walls, deep-set windows have panes, door panels are decorated, and there are strategically placed holes that probably held flag standards.

Under the magnifying glass Langen's great skill is even more apparent. The knuckles on the hand of the troll are perfect, as are the hairs in his beard. Two of the clocks in the tower are finished; a third was just roughed in. Only ½" high, the clocks have identifiable Roman numerals. Only one hand on each of the completed clocks is distinguishable and it stands between 8 and 9.

Obviously there are parts missing, such as the top of the tower, and an arch over the road; and either a palisade was lost from the back or that part was never completed. At the front is the outline of a second figure; one arm is complete and an unfinished portion of a leg arches over a stairway. The second troll either became loose and was lost in the pack rat nest, or was never carved. The finished arm would indicate that the figure would have faced an entrance to a tunnel that goes through the base of the castle.

Careful dusting with a small brush brought out the elaborate detail of buildings and rock surface, but no amount of brushing completely removed a deposit of yellow clay that coats the roadway and a few of the other flat surfaces such as the floor of the hall (or tunnel) that goes through the carving.

And no amount of careful probing in this throughway uncovered a secret door to a king's ransom, "Rhein Gold," or the Lost Dutchman's cache, or a dungeon filled with the bones of those who have tried to unlock the secret of the Superstition Mountains!

As with every other mystery in this fascinating land, one can make great progress up to a point, then the door to the past closes quietly but firmly—and forever.

REMEMBER WHEN WE ALL ACTUALLY LIVED SOME PLACE?

By STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

Part VIII

UTAH

American Fork (Utah Co.)—a companion name to Spanish Fork on the Old Spanish Trail.

Aneth (San Juan Co.)—derived from a Biblical term meaning "fields."

Bluff (San Juan Co.)—named for the high cliffs that overhang the settlement.

Book Cliffs (Grand Co.)—look like a shelf of books.

Cache Valley (Wasatch Mts.) — the French name for "hiding place," because it was once a favorite rendezvous for trappers.

Castle Dale (Emery Co.)—named for the strange rock formations in Castle Valley.

Cisco (Grand Co.)—Spanish meaning "coal dust" because coal was found here.

Cove Fort (Millard Co.)—a Mormon outpost named for the coves on the banks of a nearby creek.

Devil's Slide (Morgan Co.)—named for two huge chute-shaped limestone strips on a nearby mountain.

Echo (Summit Co.)—named for Echo Canyon, which really echoes.

Enterprise (Washington Co.)—named for an enterprising reservoir project which turned desert into farmland.

Escalante (Garfield Co.) — named for Father Escalante, a Spanish explorer.

Gunlock (Washington Co.) — from the nickname of William "Gunlock" Hamblin, a colorful local hunter.

Helper (Carbon Co.)—so called because at this point, extra locomotives were added to help trains up a steep grade.

Hite (Garfield Co.)—named for a happy prospector, Cass Hite, who found gold here in 1883.

Hovenweep (San Juan Co.)—from the Ute, meaning "deserted valley."

Hurricane (Washington Co.)—named by Mormon pioneers for a terrific storm they experienced here.

Ibapa (Tooele Co.)—from "ai-bim-pa," Gosiute meaning "clay water."

Iosepa (Tooele Co.) — Hawaiian for "Joseph," named after Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church, who was once a missionary in Hawaii; a group of Hawaiians actually once lived here.

Kanosh (Millard Co.)—Ute for "white-haired man."

Loa (Wayne Co.)—from the Hawaiian "Mauna Loa," meaning "long mountain," named by a Mormon missionary to Hawaii.

Lucin (Box Elder Co.)—from a Latin term, "Lucina subanta," for some bivalve fossils found in Lake Bonneville.

Manti (Sanpete Co.)—named for one of the cities in the Book of Mormon.

Mexican Hat (San Juan Co.)—named for a sombrero-shaped rock.

Nada (Iron Co.)—a desert town whose name in Spanish means "nothing."

Nephi (Juab Co.)—named for a Mormon prophet.

Orderville (Kane Co.)—named for the unsuccessful "United Order" communal system tried and abandoned by the Mormons.

Panguitch (Garfield Co.)—a Paiute term meaning "fishing hole."

Parowan (Iron Co.)—from "Paragoon," Paiute for "swamp people."

Salduro (Tooele Co.) — a descriptive Spanish name for this spot near the Bonneville Salt Flats, meaning "hard salt."

Scipio (Millard Co.)—named at the suggestion of Brigham Young for the famed Roman general who defeated Hannibal.

Silver Reef (Washington Co.)—a hopeful name selected by prospectors who eventually found more reef than silver; now a ghost town.

Tintic (Juab Co.)—named for a renegade Ute chief.

Topaz Mt. (Juab Co.)—fine topaz has been found in this site, which was also a detention camp for Japanese-Americans during World War II.

Tropic (Garfield Co.)—so named by settlers who found the climate balmy.

Veyo (Washington Co.) — an original Mormon word, composed of the first letters of "virtue," "enterprise," "youth," and "order."

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Man with the Diamond Willow Cane

(Continued from page 35)

then. She welcomed the L7 men with open arms.

When Connie had lived in Deadwood, cowboys there had chipped in and ordered a $500 dress made for her, called the "Cattle-brand Dress." Brands were embroidered all over it, the largest one being a five-inch Cross Anchor in the center of the back waist. Made in Chicago and delivered to Seebick's Shoppe in Deadwood, the heavy black satiny-silk dress had a wide skirt hemmed with a lavish double ruffle which swept the floor. It had a tightly fitted basque, plunging neckline, and short puffed sleeves. Besides the cattle brands from all over the West River, South Dakota area, roses were also stitched in gorgeous shades of red, blue, green and purple.

Connie dug this dress out of her trunk and wore it every afternoon the L7 cowboys were there. Ed Comstock, the cook, hitched his four horses (each weighing over 1,400 pounds) to the mess wagon and, with Connie perched beside him in her embroidered dress and escorted on either side of the wagon by L7 riders, they rode up and down Dickinson's Main Street.

When Rose and the steers finally arrived, Dickinson saloonkeepers mailed boss Ed Lemmon a $450 liquor bill. Lemmon prorated it between his happy-go-lucky crew, taking it out of their salaries. Glover figures, "We dropped at least $1,900 in Dickinson in those two weeks."

GLOVER'S cowboying tapered off at the end of the 1905 fall roundup after he'd helped the L7 dip 4,000 head of cattle once and 27,000 head twice in a 65' long dipping vat filled with a sulphur and lime solution, a scab treatment. He then helped trail them to Evarts where the cattle were pushed across the Missouri River over a pontoon bridge.

During these days Glover was a good square dancer and caller. He says, "When I wasn't drinking, dancing, or calling a set, I was fighting. (Cowboys, ranchers, and sodbusters often mixed it up with Fourth Cavalry soldiers.) On June 4, 1904 a few of us young sprouts decided to climb Bear Butte, some twelve miles south of Vale. I had a bright yellow buggy, an old saddle horse, and one of Paul Magnet's broncs that had been hitched up only once. There were six loads in the party. The other boys and their girls had two-seated spring wagons. I had a salty little redheaded gal with me, and when we left Vale we were at the end of the line in my yellow buggy. We passed everybody, and when we caught up with the head wagon, driven by Charlie Wilson and my brother Clyde, the horse race was on. My redhead got the buggy whip, and did she ever lay it on that old bronc! We raced along side by side for awhile, then the boys' team played out and my redhead and I took the lead.

"We climbed Bear Butte and I tucked my little redhead under one arm and another girl under the other arm. We slid down Bear Butte on high! I was wearing a pair of cowboy boots, and I slashed the counters up from the heels on the rocks, but I never lost either girl —had one under each arm yet when we got back to camp!"

Bear Butte, which Glover once rode horseback to the top, is a lone steep mountain, 4,442' above sea level.

GLOVER filed and proved up on a homestead in 1905 on the South Fork of the Moreau River, moving out there a herd of sixty horses. The following year he married Mary Wood. A son, Oliver, was born in 1907. They were divorced in 1908.

Going to Ekalaka, Montana in 1907 he worked on a ranch for Booth and McLain, plowing up ninety-one acres of sod with two horse-drawn fourteen-inch walking plows. They seeded grain, fenced a school section, and cared for 130 Black Galloway cattle. Returning to his homestead, he broke horses for local ranchers.

Glover married Eva Cundy on Christmas Day, 1909. She died in childbirth one year later, leaving an eight-day-old daughter, Bertha Ruby. Again Glover went to his Moreau River homestead, breaking more horses.

In 1911, having rounded up 300 wild horses, he cut out sixteen of the finest three- and four-year-olds and trailed them sixty miles to Vale, spending two weeks in halter-breaking them.

"None got away from me. I handled them all myself, including putting the hackamores on them. When they'd hit the end of the rope, I'd be braced and it would sure pop!" he recalls.

Trailing these same sixteen head over 200 miles to Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone River near Miles City, Montana, he sold them to Captain Howard, the Army remount receiver who vowed they were the best string of cavalry and artillery horses ever to come into the fort.

Two hundred of the other horses were sold to buyers from Canada and Missouri. Briefly, the Glovers—Boomer and his father and brothers—had $3,100 in gold, silver, and greenbacks but this wealth was short-lived—they lost the money when the Meade County Bank at Sturgis, folded.

In 1912, Glover married Caroline Wilson and in 1915 a second daughter, Lelah Frances, was born. He was appointed deputy sheriff in Butte County, South Dakota in 1915, mostly assigned to finding stolen horses.

"I didn't stick with it long. I quit when I got a better offer. There wasn't much money in it, so I went back to ranching."

For the next eight years Glover sporadically farmed in the Vale community and took in large summer herds of cattle. In 1922 he started racing horses—Redbuck, Redgirl, Dick and Leader—in relay and straight races in Black Hills towns.

A third daughter, Georgia, was born in 1920. Caroline died in 1924.

For the next thirteen years, Glover farmed off and on; worked for the government handling Depression-years-bought cattle; worked on a Works Project Administration job; and raced his beloved horses: Lucky Strike, Goldie, and Lightfoot. He even went into the sheep business for a year, selling the flock, buying a new car, and going on an extended trip through British Columbia.

In 1937 Glover contracted to furnish a string of gentle saddle horses for Myrtle Bridger, then Dean of Women at Spearfish Normal in Spearfish, South Dakota. Wealthy parents sent their children to Black Hills summer camps. Thus,

The 1902 Cowboys' motorized bedwagon in September 1971, as it led the second annual Caravan Tour of the Butte County Historical Society. Billie Shoun (left) and Frank Glover ride in the place of honor. During the street parades, the back of the wagon was filled with old cowboys and pioneers.

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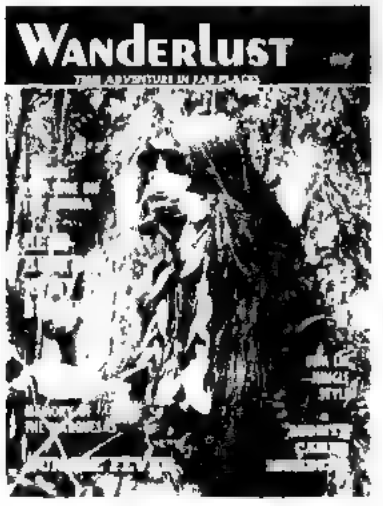

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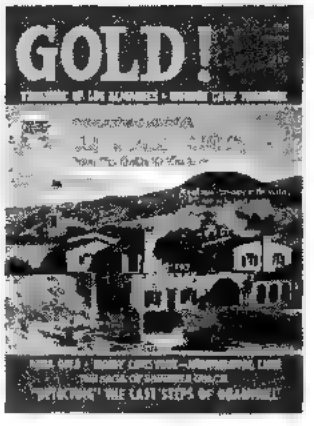

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Frank Glover found himself riding herd on eleven youngsters, eight to eleven years old as part of his college contract.

"There were two girls and nine boys. They had a nurse with them, Inez Jensen from Minnesota. We camped out near Spearfish. Those millionaire kids could ride pretty well and we got along fine. When they went home the nurse wanted a souvenir. I made my first Diamond Willow cane with lettering on it for her."

Since then he's carved over 1,800 walking canes and worn out 24 pocketknives. His cane lettering is from 100-130 digits—brands, names, and dates carved into a 34-inch stick of Diamond Willow wood. Such trees are scarce, so Glover is using more red cedar and making lighter-weight canes designed especially for women. His canes have gone to all fifty states, plus England and Australia.

Recently, he carved an elegant cane filled with South Dakota cattle brands for the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Glover also carves Lilliputian cowboy boots and tiny spinning tops out of wooden thread spools, and makes wooden puzzles.

RAISING, breaking, training and racing horses most of his life, Glover rode his last race at the age of 68. He's raced all over the upper Midwest, mainly in North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Nebraska, and Colorado. He began racing Thoroughbreds in 1951, favoring horses Autumn Gale and Autumn Penny. Making state fairs sometimes, he says, "I've done a lot of bush racing and a little night racing too. Before I finally quit for good, I raced only at county fairs.

Frank Glover at 18 years of age.

"During the early 1940s, I took care of Sir Herid, a Thoroughbred government stallion for four years. Sir Herid had been issued to Kirk Malcolm, Newell, South Dakota by the United States Remount Service. They owned him. The Fourth Cavalry was at Fort Meade. When Malcolm left for military duty in World War II, Sir Herid was issued to Walt Harmon at Newell. I took care of him.

"We got three good papered horses by Sir Herid: Princess G, Princess Pat, and Dorio Dodge. Sir Herid was sired by Sir Galahad III, who had three Kentucky Derby winners: Gallant Fox, Hoop Jr., and Galahadren."

During World War II, Glover wrote weekly letters to twenty-five servicemen from his home community. In 1969 he received 800 birthday and Christmas cards and letters from his nation-wide friends. And 1969 was memorable for another reason:

Starting July 4, 1969, the 1902 Cowboys got a motorized bed wagon, a 1959 Big 6 Ford furnished and equipped by Ralph Short of Sturgis. It was used for transporting the 1902 Cowboys in the lengthy street parades held during the July Fourth golden anniversary of the annual Black Hills Round-up at Belle Fourche. Sitting on the board seat above the cab were Frank Glover and Billie Shoun of Ottumwa, then president of the Association. Other 1902 Cowboys rode in the back.

For the next three years the 1902 Cowboys filled the bed wagon, driven by Short with Glover and Shoun always the flamboyant kingpins. It starred in thirty-one colorful summer Black Hills parades, and led two Caravan Tours sponsored by the Butte County Historical Society. On August 28, 1971 the bed wagon was prominent in Gordon, Nebraska at the ninth annual Tri-State Cowboy Chuckwagon Breakfast.

During the devastating flood in Rapid City and Sturgis on June 9, 1972 the bed wagon was severely damaged, but Ralph Short, eighty-four, promises, "I'm going to put it in shape again!"

Glover keeps up a steady correspondence with his two daughters: Mrs. Lelah Frances Grigg of Pasco, Washington, and Mrs. Ruby (Babe) Weimer of Las Vegas, Nevada. Daughter Georgia died in 1940. Son Oliver and Oliver's wife both drowned in the June 1972 flood in Rapid City. There are three grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, and two great-greats.

The most recent meeting of the 1902 Cowboys took place on July 4 of this year (1974). Four of the boys were present; two others were a little too under the weather to attend.

Santa Anna's Pay Chest

(Continued from page 15)

basis for this, but have heard it advanced many times.

Theoretically Santa Anna would have had quite a load, for he was the commander of over 7,000 men although they were spread out over South Texas from San Antonio to Brownsville, Corpus, Houston and Austin. While these are modern-day names, they outline the territory more or less accurately. Conceivably a payroll for these troops would have been a large amount, but one should not forget that troops on the way to Palo Alto only ten years later mutinied because they had not been paid for a year and a half. This tempers the pay story, anyway.

The personal treasure of Santa Anna probably was something else. His actions after capture certainly showed little concern for his men.

After the Battle of the Alamo, Santa Anna started to consolidate his victory by cleaning out the rest of Texas. Fannin's men at Goliad and Ward's men at Victoria had been captured and were summarily executed, as Santa Anna vowed to do regarding every man under arms in Texas. This was not unusual, for both sides had such rules until the short reign of Maximilian, thirty years after the Alamo.

On March 6, 1836 the Alamo fell. Sam Houston burnt Gonzales and started on the scorched-earth retreat known as the Runaway Scrape on March 13. The road to San Jacinto had begun, and zig-zagged in several directions before it arrived at what is now part of the city of Houston.

Santa Anna was a great one for slogans. He called himself the Napoleon of the West, and vowed to wash off the filthy blood of the Texans in the Sabine River. Success makes this type of man impatient, and this led to San Jacinto just as straight as the road. Santa Anna started to make raids well in advance of his main body of troops, which he usually left in command of his brother-in-law, Filisola. He knew that General Houston's army was not very large, and that Houston's chance of more help was about nil because everybody who was not fighting already was headed full speed for the U. S. border. The Mexican general was now in what would properly be called "hot pursuit."

The nearest other body of troops was ordered to close in for the kill, since Houston was headed for the bayous and marshes north of Galveston Bay, from which Santa Anna could see no escape. The only road crossed onto the San Jacinto Peninsula over a wooden bridge. It was the point of no return for one or the other—Texan or Mexican.

HERE THE fates dealt a hand that was like one from the grave. That fabulous Texas character, Deaf Smith, captured a Mexican dispatch rider who had all of the intelligence reports to Santa Anna, clear back to Mexico City. They were contained in the saddle-bags that had been looted from the Alamo and were the property of Alamo's commander, Travis. This information was what led General Houston to back into a corner and let Santa Anna come in after him. The dispatch capture on April 19 set the stage for the events of the 21st.

Santa Anna did not realize that Filisola was over fifty miles away across the flooded Brazos River until 500 men under the former commander of San Antonio, Cos, came into camp after forced marches on the bright morning of the 21st.

To appreciate the fighting of San Ja-

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cinto the firearms of the soldiers should be considered. The Mexican soldiers were armed with obsolete British Tower Muskets, which had an average accuracy of *one foot in fifteen yards*. They had been manufactured in the Tower of London arsenal from a design brought by George I from Germany about 1710, and were one of the reasons for the British having been defeated in the Revolutionary War. Now consider that the Texas Army was mostly armed with Pennsylvania design or Kentucky rifles that could bust a man's head at 200 yards every round.

Through the early part of the 21st there was drowsiness in the Texans' camp. A little interest was aroused at the arrival of the Mexican reinforcements (Cos), but no excitement. That all began when Deaf Smith galloped in about two o'clock with the news that he had successfully destroyed the only bridge out *for* the Mexicans or the Texans either. Then General Houston quietly ordered action. It was about four when the assault began.

The show opened with a popular fife and drum tune, "Will You Come Into the Bower," but it was drowned out by cries of "Remember the Alamo" and "Remember Goliad." And the show lasted *exactly eighteen minutes*. (This time element is of utmost importance.)

After that the Texans scattered, hunting down fleeing Mexicans in all directions. The Mexican camp was completely overrun. There we have what happened; now for the fables.

ONE OF the most oft-told tales is about Santa Anna's pay chest being ferried over to Galveston Island after the battle and buried by the Mexicans in the fashion of the treasure of Jean Lafitte somewhere on that island. In the last few years there was a lawsuit over a permit to dig for the chests in a Galveston park. The city council gave permission but the Texas Antiquities Commission stopped the operation under the Texas Antiquities Act of 1969. The permit was unclear as to whether the riches sought were pirate or San Jacinto treasure, but both are controlled by that law.

Then there's the tale of the panicky soldiers burying the paychests under fire in the heat of battle; and another that has the treasure carried to a swamp and sunk in a bottomless bog. It is this latter which people try to find on state park property by use of magnetometers.

According to recorded facts, during the battle more than one Mexican in two were casualties. The surprise was complete; it was no battle. Two Texans were killed and twenty-three wounded; for the Mexicans there were 630 dead and 208 wounded, with 730 captured. Out of less than 1,600 that doesn't leave many unaccounted for, and remember the whole battle lasted only eighteen minutes. By that time it was all over, and nobody got away after that, nor for considerable time before.

What all of these tales overlook is the inventory of the loot of San Jacinto in the archives of the State Library of Texas. It lists the main item of value as one money chest containing about $11,000 (Mexican *pesos*, silver). This amount has

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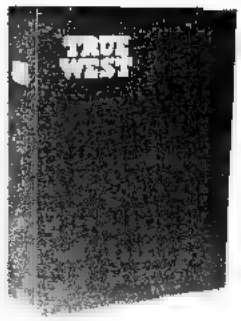

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been challenged—one story telling about forty-five boxes that contained $1,000 each—but there is no positive evidence to support this.

Some men contended that there was around $18,000 in the chest and accused a Colonel Forbes of stealing $7,000 of it. This was the subject of a lawsuit in the 1850s with the case settled at the cost of the accuser, a Doctor Labadie.

Of the treasure accounted for, some was appropriated for the Texas Navy and the rest split among Houston's troops who received from $6 to $12. Captured Mexican equipment was auctioned. Each soldier was given a credit of $16 with which to bid on horses, saddles and whatever else might catch his eye. While he never received any of the cash, an agent for the wounded General Houston bid in a number of items to the amount of $400, which was later paid into the treasury of the Republic. This auction brought the total worth of the loot of the battle to over $18,000, and accounts for all of it.

Could any treasure have been moved? The silver alone weighed over 600 pounds, without the strong box which probably would have brought the total to 1,000 pounds. That would have meant hitching up draft animals to a Mexican highwheeled cart to move it. Even if men had started out to move it by hand they could never have done it, for the Mexican rout was complete in a matter of minutes.

To have removed a treasure to Galveston Island from the battleground would have meant, after first getting clear, that one of two routes had to be covered: One by water over twenty-five miles of open bay, with nobody explaining where a boat big enough and sufficient men to handle it would come from; the other, traversing twenty miles of swamp and three substantial streams before crossing some two miles of open Galveston Bay, for which the same large boat would have been necessary.

In addition, there is the fact that the Texas Republic President and his Cabinet were on that island with the steamboat *Yellowstone*, mounting a couple of cannons, and quite trigger-happy.

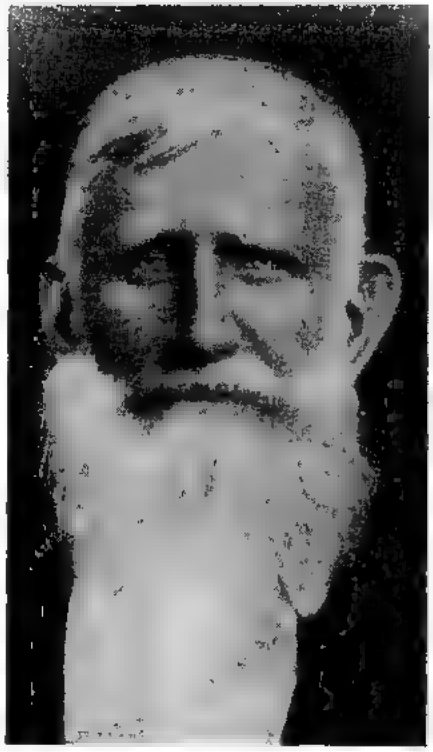
So, as we say today—no way!

Old Friends from Perote

(Continued from page 27)

thrilling experiences and many narrow escapes. In 1848 he married Zaruah Fulcher, a native of Arkansas, and moved to Lavaca County. He engaged in farming and stock raising to a considerable extent, annually driving large herds of cattle inland. While in the Ranger service he had taken out a land warrant for pay, and had he held it he would have been one of the largest land owners of the state. He was offered many acres of land where Waco now stands for ten cents per acre.

In 1864 Mrs. Armstrong died, leaving Billy with five sons and one daughter—Sam, Tom, George, Bill, Jim, and Teresa. He moved to Frio County in 1882. Billy's specialty was raising good horses, and he had some of the finest animals in the state at that time. His ranch was on McGill Creek, twelve miles from Pearsall; there were 6,000 acres under fence. This was the best ranch of its size in the county, and over its broad acres roamed a large herd of good graded cattle, horses, mules, etc. In 1899 he married Lizzie Landers. They had two lovely daughters, Ida and Dolly. (Without the help of my great-aunt, Ida Armstrong Trainer, I could have never put this story of my great-grandfather together.)



William Armstrong

My father, Sal Armstrong, had a great deal to say about his Grandfather Armstrong. Not a pioneer himself, Sal Armstrong was stamped, nevertheless, by training he received as a youngster under the firm hand of his grandfather. Billy Armstrong had come to Texas during its most desperate days and was one of the Mier prisoners who later drew a white bean along with his friend, Big Foot Wallace. In fact they came back to Frio County together, settling not far apart and were neighbors and friends for the rest of their lives. "Grandpa" Billy Armstrong took his grandchildren to rear on his ranch in Frio County when their own father and mother died within three months of each other. The orphans—my father Sal included—lived with Billy Armstrong until they were in their teens and old enough to rustle for themselves.

Billy Armstrong lived to be ninety-two years old. His home in Pearsall was commodious and comfortable. He had seen much of Texas, but felt that Frio County was the most desirable portion of the state. He had many friends and was a faithful and useful citizen. As a young man Billy Armstrong had roamed, and learned all he could about life. His knowledge and experience paid off during his services in the Mexican War, his Ranger days on the frontier, and later as a rancher in a land where civilization came slowly.

Explanatory note for readers outside Texas: San Salvador (Sal) Armstrong was one of the outstanding cattlemen of his state. From the time he was given his first saddle as a young boy until the day of his death he knew nothing but ranching. He grew up as fast as he could but the trail driving days were coming to an end and Sal got in on very little of it. That was the only facet of ranch life he missed, however, though he laughed at the term "Cattle Baron" which was often applied to him in his later life.

Prospecting in the Cherokee Hills

(Continued from page 10)

is not to say that a valuable deposit does not exist, and we continue to look even now. As a matter of fact, I know of a rich, very rich, lead deposit in those hills. More of that later.)

One time Blackfox told about his childhood days. When the family was sorely in need his father would take them all in a wagon quite some distance to a big spring that ran from under a bluff. A broad, shallow stream ran away from this spring. His father would cut thin paddles out of sticks. They would then lie with their eyes in the water and use the thin paddles to skim up fine yellow stuff from around the rocks. They put the stuff in quills. Sometimes little Blackfox would go with his father to Tahlequah where a man weighed the stuff in the quills and gave them money. It had to be gold.

Some weeks later I was told we would go to that spring. Asking which way it was, he pointed south. True to their way, it turned out to be north. A few miles northwest of the town of Little Kansas we came to the spring. There was a house here, and I learned the land belonged to a man named Quinlin in Tulsa.

We only looked on that first visit, but later when in Tulsa, I got permission from Quinlin to investigate the possibilities, making appropriate agreements. We went back to the spring with shovel and gold pan and made a real effort to turn up one gold color—with no luck. I suppose some will think that Blackfox was telling a tall tale; but I never thought so then, nor do I now. There can be no pat answers; perhaps natural events could account for the gold then but not now.

This particular spring flows off the top of the Chattanooga Shale which is known to carry a small amount of gold. Perhaps there was a time when the flow of water was eroding a section of the shale that was releasing fine gold, who knows? Blackfox had nothing to gain, but was willing and anxious for the spring to be tested.

CHATTANOOGA SHALE is a hard black rock loaded with nodules of marcasite as well as disseminated fine crystals of the same. It is impregnated with considerable hydrocarbons and when freshly broken out smells like crude oil. This shale bed is exposed in countless places in the Cherokee country and is often thirty feet or more thick.

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6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
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9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
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the Illinois River where there are high exposures of the shale, Blackfox would point and say *"utun deloniga."* This is Cherokee for "big gold." I explained over and over that the mineral he saw in the shale was iron, not gold. He was never convinced.

One day he handed me a small can full of pyrite crystals and insisted it was big gold. Batt and I tried every way to make him understand that the crystals were a worthless mineral, just iron. To satisfy him I agreed to take the sample to the assay office in Joplin to show him it was not gold. This I did and, much to my astonishment, it was worth $135 per ton in gold. I went immediately back to the hills and reported this to Blackfox. It is still a mystery how he knew, for it took a fire assay to make the determination. When asked, he would say he just knew.

Some days later it was announced that that night we would go to the place where the gold sample came from. We left late in the afternoon, going about twenty-five miles down to the Tahlequah Bridge where we crossed the Illinois River and went up the east side about ten miles, partly on fair roads and finally on timber trails over the ridges. Long after dark we left the car on a high ridge and went on foot two or three miles.

For a long way we stayed on the high ground and at one point dogs barked in the valley to our left. We sat very still till the dogs got quiet, for Blackfox said nearby was the cabin of a mean Indian who might take a shot at us if discovered. We very softly got by without arousing the dogs again and eventually stopped in a gulch with a small wet weather stream. The man living where the dogs barked was known to belong to the "Nighthawks," a sort of vigilante group whose members were still fanatic about showing mineral to white men. I had a flashlight but could not safely use it.

The Indians gathered close around me to shield the light so I could look at the spot indicated. There was a small pit about the size of a washtub. It was full of leaves which I raked out with my hands. The people excitedly made a lot of Cherokee talk, and I then noticed a copperhead snake that had been thrown out with the leaves. No damage was done except to the snake.

The bottom of the pit was limestone with a thin frosting of iron crystals such as had been assayed. This deposit appeared to be young geologically, perhaps a few centuries. Being near the lower end of the gulch which topped out a mile or more upstream, the source of the values must be in that gulch. There appeared to be no more than two or three pounds all told.

Batt and I went back later in daylight to examine the length of the gulch. Nothing of mineral interest was found. Well up in the gulch the bed of the creek formed the top of the Chattanooga Shale. The nodules and fine crystals of marcasite looked like jewels under the water in that black shale. For lack of a better choice I took samples of the shale at random. The iron in that shale was the only sign of mineral discovered in the gulch. Some samples of the shale were assayed later and, much to my surprise, did run from a trace to more than $100 per ton in gold. Blackfox had always said the shale had *delonigah*. Of course, I knew better—until then. I took samples from a number of outcrops of shale, set up an assay furnace and ran a great number of tests. The results were always the same—from nothing or a trace, to reasonably high values.

AN ASSAY ton is twenty-nine grams, which constitutes an assay sample. Several such samples could be taken from a piece of shale the size of your hand. A lot of times I made several assay samples from one piece of shale. The results were the same, from zero to $125 per ton. Sometimes the better values seemed to be related to some very fine, brilliant iron crystals. Many samples were taken containing the fine bright crystals. Pieces large enough to make two assay samples would be divided into two parts. One half would show a good value while the other half might show nothing or a trace—yet the two samples when in their natural location were not more than an inch apart.

Channel samples were taken from widely separated (ten miles) locations. Each channel quantity was crushed and carefully mixed and divided down till only a pound or two remained. This was ground to bagdust and a series of twenty-nine-gram samples were taken. The results were typical. No location was better or worse than the others. There seemed to be no pattern, no trend toward the source or a concentration.

Channel samples were taken from representative outcrops that were roughly on a line for eighty-five miles across the country. The bulk of the material weighing about two tons was mixed. Individual samples were assayed with no location exceeding another in values. The two-ton sample was carefully mixed and cut until two hundred pounds remained. This was sent to the laboratory mill at the Denver Equipment Company where the values from the two hundred pounds were actually recovered. The results indicated the shale bed as a whole was worth ten cents per ton in gold. This was hardly a real disappointment. From the first shale samples, common sense had dictated that the final result would be as it was. Nevertheless, it was a very interesting experience which, in its way, was compensation.

As a footnote let me add that from time to time I had samples cross-checked by Waring and Williams Laboratories to see if my assay technique ran true. The results checked closely.

A GREAT DEAL of time was spent in the hills with the Indians, spread over many, many months. Some of my friends knew what I was doing and how I was searching the hill country.

My old friend John Newton, General Superintendent of the Commerce Mining and Royalty Company, told me a story about a rich lead deposit found and lost somewhere in these hills where I was working. It was a fascinating story, and the source of the facts known left no doubt as to their truth. The original discovery of this lead was by a Cherokee.

John Newton gave me all the details he knew about the lost lead mine. We always called it Charlie Chambers' lost lead mine. Charlie Chambers was ground boss at the Blue Goose Mine near Cardin in the Picher District. This mine was extremely rich in lead. Newton was Chambers' boss but also his best friend. They were real buddies—fishing, hunting, and working together. As a matter of fact, Charlie would ride to the mine with John mornings and back home evenings. This was in 1918.

One day Chambers did an unusual thing. He asked John if he would look after the Goose for him while he went fishing. This puzzled John, for they mostly fished together. Of course it was agreeable, and Charlie was gone a couple of days. When he came back he said nothing about his fishing trip. This, too, seemed strange to John, but he did not pry. In a month or so the same thing happened again in the same way. Again in another month or so it was repeated. So, to say the least, John wondered what Charlie was doing.

Charlie did feel by then that he had to tell John—as much as he was free to—about his actions. John was told that Charlie had been going to a tremendous outcrop of lead that had been revealed to him by a Cherokee. Charlie was sworn to secrecy as to location and could not tell even his friend. Charlie would not violate this confidence.

At this moment of exchanging confidences they were on the road from Commerce to Miami going home from work. There used to be three large billboards end to end by the road. Charlie remarked that the exposed lead was about the size of those three billboards. It was in a bluff-side in a narrow, brushy draw. Loose material covered the bottom of the bluff. There was a wet weather branch in the bottom of the draw, and there was lead there also. The depth of the face could be forty feet or more, making a face of lead ore forty by sixty or seventy feet. There is no way to know how rich that face of lead ore might be, but Chambers, whose judgment was reliable, said it was richer than what he was cutting at the Blue Goose.

The outcrop was reportedly hidden by brush and, being oxidized white, could be passed within ten feet and not be noticed. Also it was in a small narrow gulch where there was little reason for anyone to go. On close inspection the bluff that appeared to be limestone was cubic crystals of galena coated with white lead oxide as a result of very long exposure to weather. This was on Indian land but the owner was living somewhere in California. Charlie Chambers and his Indian friend were trying to locate the owner or the heirs in order to arrange a mining lease on the ground.

Time has a way of slipping by while such a problem is being pursued. This story started in 1918; in 1921 the mines at Picher all shut down because of low prices for ore.

The Blue Goose like the other mines was down. The company kept their key

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men on the payroll by having them act as watchmen at their various mines and mills. Charlie Chambers was living in the office building and watching the Grace Walker Mine southeast of Picher. During the winter he needed a load of coal from the company warehouse at Cardin. There was an open cab truck available, and Charlie shoveled on a load of coal, getting very hot and sweaty. He drove that open cab truck in the freezing weather back to the Grace. That evening he developed pneumonia and rapidly went from bad to worse. During the night his wife moved him to the hospital.

Very early the next morning John Newton left home for the mining district to tend to business. Not long after this, Charlie's wife called for John. Charlie was dangerously sick and asking for his friend. It so happened that John's business took him to various offices in Joplin, and nobody knew where to find him. Late that afternoon he came home. His wife rushed him off to the hospital to see Charlie. Just as he went into the room Charlie died.

John Newton always believed that Charlie wanted to name the Indian and give the mine location so his own family might benefit.

Except for what has been reported here, all John knew was that when he and Charlie were by the three billboards, Charlie pointed to an angle about five degrees east of south.

On the 1918 roads, with a four-cylinder Dodge car, he had driven 112 miles and then walked about two miles to reach the place.

After learning of Chambers' lost lead mine I asked, listened, and looked trying to get a clue as to where it was or might be. I have always thought it was probably in the rough country bounded on the north by the Barren's Fork River and on the west by the Illinois River. It is still there somewhere, still lost.

I wanted to go down into the eastern part of that rough country to see if any information could be found there. While doing this, another fascinating experience developed.

NED BLACKFOX had told me about Spanish sign cut on a rock. When he was twelve years old, he had come across this inscription but had no idea what it was all about. While there, he noticed a hole under the edge of a flat rock. Believing it to be the den of a small animal, he scratched it out larger to see what he could catch. To his surprise, it was not a den but a small opening into a large hole.

One way or another he gouged out the hole till it was large enough to slip through. The hole turned out to be about eight feet deep and perhaps four or five feet across, walled up with stones like a well. He got a pole and broke the branches off to provide a sort of ladder. Putting the pole down the wall he managed to climb down and found it to be much like a walled well, one side of which appeared to be an opening into another area. This opening seemed to have been closed with stones.

About that time the Cherokee Spirits threw rocks at little Blackfox, and he climbed out in a hurry, determined never to defy the spirits by going in again. As an old man he held firmly to that superstition. He learned no more about the Spanish words and flat rock till many years later. One day after Ned was much older a Mexican man came to the hills asking questions. He was a well-educated man, well dressed, on his way east from Mexico on business.

This man was hunting someone who knew of some Spanish words cut on some rocks at a bluff. He had a map or "waybill." It seems that one of his ancestors, perhaps his great- or great-great-grandfather had gone with a group by pack train from Mexico to St. Louis to buy goods for trade in Mexico. Part of this was said to be Catholic Church furnishings. This was a very long time ago when all this part of the country was wild and unsettled, nothing but Indians. St. Louis was on the frontier and was a major supply center.

The Mexicans got to St. Louis, bought their goods and were on their way home. What the pack train was loaded with is not really known. It had to be goods worth the very long, hard, dangerous trip to acquire. Trailing through the hill country near present-day Stillwell, Oklahoma, they were jumped by a large band of Indians. They fought their way up a big, steep hill to a place where they could barricade themselves. The goods were unloaded inside the barricade. The horses and mules could not be protected and were soon lost to the Indians. There was no water supply on the hillside, and the chance of survival was dismal indeed. They could protect themselves fairly well where they were, but they couldn't stay there and had no animals left to haul their goods even if they could get away.

They decided to cache their cargo and try to slip away one or two at a time in the dark. The hole was dug, the goods concealed, and the pit covered with a large flat rock. Inscriptions were cut on the rock to help identify the spot when they hopefully would return to get their valuables. A map was made to help guide them back. As planned, they did slip away one or two at a time at night. Apparently only one of these people ever made it back to Mexico. The others were probably killed by the Indians. The man who got back was the ancestor of the man who came to Blackfox seeking the inscribed rock. All he had to go on was a story handed down through several generations of his family, and the old map.

The man told Ned the story by interpreter and showed him the map. The words and symbols on the map were those on the rock. I asked Blackfox what he told the man, and he had said he did not understand.

SOME WEEKS later we had reason to go down near Stillwell. Ned knew an old full-blood down that way who might know something about the lost lead mine. Also, there was a mineral outcrop down that way thought to be copper.

We went by some roads and meander-

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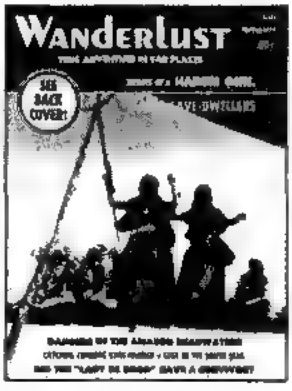

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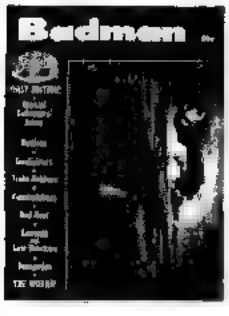

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ng trails to a point far southeast of Tahlequah to the cabin of John Liver, a fine old Indian. He was very friendly and cooperative, and he knew who had taken Charlie Chambers to the lead. That man had been dead several years. I asked Liver if he would guide me into the rough part on a search of where it might be. It was summer. Liver said he would go in the winter. This seemed strange until he brought a rattlesnake hide nearly nine feet long with twenty-seven rattles and a button. He had killed it with a pitchfork in front of his cabin. This served to help explain that there were similar rattlers on ledges where I wanted to go—rattlers that could knock a man off a horse. Winter would be safe.

We went from Liver's to the copper place. There was a green copper-like stain on the rock but it was only a curiosity.

It was evening as we came up a wood road to a cabin. Blackfox said we would stay with these people that night. The man's name was Tim Duck. The family was full-blood, no English. They were good people and, in their way, rolled out the red carpet for me as their guest. Blackfox told that night that we were near the Spanish place and the next day would go there.

The next morning we walked about half a mile through the woods past a marshy spring to the base of a large hill. After a steep climb of a quarter-mile or so I came up with Blackfox; he was standing before a face of rock looking perplexed and dejected. I asked what was wrong. He said this was the place but the rock had caved off and the words were gone. His main concern was that I would think he lied to me.

We turned over several fallen rocks but made no real effort to find some of the inscription. It is there in pieces, I am sure.

I asked Ned where the flat rock was. With no hesitation he went to a slightly depressed spot about twenty feet or so away. Some dirt and leaves covered the surface. Scratching a small area clear revealed a rock. Pounding on the rock gave a hollow sound as expected. Some digging and bars to pry the rock off would be necessary. It was not small.

We had nothing but our hands to work with and thought that another time we would come prepared and open the hole. That was about forty years ago and I have never got back to that rock. Because of superstition the Indians would not bother the place—and for some reason I was not anxious to move that rock.

A lot of years later when visiting with the master story teller, Frank Dobie, he asked me to tell him this tale. When I finished, Frank asked why I didn't turn the rock over. Only after many years did I understand the answer I gave him. Had the rock been turned over that day and nothing was there, the fun would have been over. Had it been turned over to reveal a treasure, likewise the fun would be finished. For forty years I have enjoyed wondering what is under that rock. Dobie was pleased, for that was his way, too.

IT WOULD take a shelf of books to tell all the interesting things that happened during the many trips I made to the Cherokee country those two years or more. Sometimes I stayed at Blackfox's place. Mrs. Blackfox was a fine woman. Her kitchen would seem crude now, but it was scrubbed very neat and clean. The beds were clean and free of bedbugs. I am sorry I can't say the same for some other places I slept. These Indians were all good, kind people, but some of the women would not get a blue ribbon for cooking and housekeeping. Sometimes it was a battle to see who kept the bed, me or the bedbugs. No contest. They won before morning.

A great part of the time Batt and I slept in the woods wherever night caught us. I always carried a bedroll. There were rattlesnakes and lots of copperheads, but we slept on the ground and thought nothing of it. We had no snake trouble.

Late one afternoon we were going down a timber road toward the Illinois River several miles south of Tahlequah. A tall Cherokee seemed to materialize—he just wasn't there, then he was. We stopped, and Batt went to see what the man wanted. He only said not to go any farther down that road. We turned back, thinking there was a moonshine still down that way.

By now it was getting dark, and we pulled just off the trace of a road, rolled out our beds and turned in for the night, close beside the road. No traffic at all was expected, but late in the night we were crashed awake by two cars roaring up the road from where the Indian had stopped us. They were going at breakneck speed, one close behind the other. A man in the back car was leaning out the window with a machine gun, firing at a great rate. It was over in seconds. Maybe you don't think we didn't sleep with one eye open the rest of the night!

Next morning we went into Tahlequah for breakfast and learned that Federal officers had chased Pretty Boy Floyd out of the hills. He got away. Floyd was born in the Cookson Hill country where we were.

When we stayed at Duck's cabin that night, Mrs. Duck had on a ring and earrings that were Spanish. She said she found them long ago in the mud by the marshy spring we passed going to the flat rock treasure hill.

Those days I spent with the Indians were most interesting and enjoyable. Sometimes it was a little difficult. I had a .32 automatic pistol, and Kanick asked to use it to hunt squirrels. It was not good for hunting, and I told him so; but he took some shells and went to the woods. Soon he was banging around, and after some time he came in with an armload of squirrels. Perhaps he killed them with rocks. I never knew. Meat for the table was not plentiful, so Mrs. Blackfox welcomed this supply.

That night we had boiled squirrel and potatoes for supper. That meat was like chewing on a rubber boot. For breakfast we had boiled squirrel. For noon, boiled squirrel. For supper, boiled squirrel. For breakfast, boiled squirrel. After

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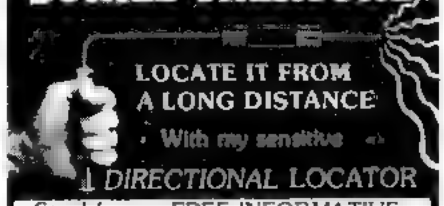

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that last breakfast I found there was an important matter to tend to in Tahlequah. I just couldn't get enough squirrel chewed up to live on, and a square meal in town was important.

Once Batt and I left the Blackfox place, intending to return that evening. I wanted to get a better overall idea about the rock formations. We went to Southwest City, Missouri, then down through the edge of Arkansas and then to Tahlequah. We ate in Tahlequah, and I decided to go to Muskogee to get a map from the Indian office there. We did so and on the way back it was getting dark when we crossed the Arkansas River Bridge. We drove under the bridge end and rolled out our beds for the night. Next morning we had breakfast in Tahlequah, then went up the Illinois River to Blackfox's. No part of this trip was planned beforehand.

We got back to the Blackfox place in mid-morning, and Ned described our trip in considerable detail. He told how we made a big circle to the east, then to Tahlequah, and on to Muskogee where I got a paper and slept under the River Bridge. I know of no means by which he could have known all this. I asked him how he knew and, like many times before, he said old Indians have ways to know things. E.S.P., coincidence, good guess, tall talk, trick—who knows? Such things happened more than once.

I wish I could go visit my old Indian friends again, but this all happened many years ago and all the old people have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground.

The Hoax of Prunes, the Burro

(Continued from page 11)

SHERWOOD could hear boisterous laughter coming from the saloon. They'd have a whing-ding tonight! He pushed his way inside and acknowledged the greetings of cronies. Rairdon, the proprietor, beckoned him over. A colorful, fun-loving Irishman, Rairdon continuously wracked his brain for stunts to lure tourists to South Park.

Price Briscoe, former mayor of Idaho Springs, recalled many of the Irishman's antics, for he was a long-time resident of South Park, operating the North London Mine during its heyday. Rairdon used to keep a large salmon on ice, posing it as a trout caught in a nearby lake. Knick-knacks hanging on the walls supposedly belonged to mining-camp notables such as Baby Doe, Silver Heels, or Poker Alice.

"One of his more colorful schemes," Briscoe said, "was an attempt to raise money to drill a hole on Red Hill. His idea was to fill the hole full of crankcase drainings, set it on fire, and advertise it as a bona fide volcano."

Now Rairdon had another brainstorm going, one involving Rube Sherwood, the oldest prospector around. When Rube told a tale of the "good old days," no one could contradict him. Rairdon's scheme concerned making Fairplay the "Burro Capital of the World," a newcomer's title, to be sure, for the old-timers in early-day Colorado mining camps always knew those four-legged, long-eared critters as "jacks." (In areas where Mexican miners were prevalent, the Spanish term "burro" was used.)

But why not a Burro Capital? Dozens of jacks roamed the streets and backyards, investigating garbage cans, invading family gardens, pulling housewives' laundry off the clotheslines, and begging for handouts. The ladies in town carried on daily warfare with those cantankerous critters, and it was always a pleasant sight to watch them attack a jack with a broom.

Everyone agreed that Rairdon had a great idea for a change. To further his plan, he planned to erect a suitable monument to an appropriate jack, with some concocted history to go along with it. All he needed was a jack to bury. Someone that night suggested Prunes.

A FEW old-timers around Fairplay and Alma remembered Prunes. Frank Burgess and Leonard Almgren, both of whom worked in several important mines around the Mosquito Range, saw him often, mainly wandering the streets. After he became too old to work underground or in a pack train, Prunes had been turned loose to scrounge for himself. He roamed Alma, panhandling food. Tourists were often flabbergasted to see the shaggy fellow standing in the doorway of some cafe, pawing the door for a handout. If some tidbit didn't arrive promptly, Prunes let out with an offensive, whistling, raucous hee-haw which generally got results.

Pancakes, smothered with "lick," was his favorite dish. Every morning Mrs. Billy Shelton cooked him a bowl of cereal. Gerald Galloway recalled that Prunes came to his back door every morning, and Gerald probably took the last picture of the jack—maybe the only picture—just a few days before he died. Finally the two Hoffman brothers, Louis (it has also been written Lewis, but even his nephew, Ed Snell, couldn't determine which name was correct) and August took Prunes to their cabin, just beyond the present-day ghost town of Dudley.

The Hoffmans were well known in South Park, and Lou was the last of the great jack men. A giant in stature, he had a giant's voice, further enriched by an utterly profane vocabulary. You could hear Lou for miles when he struck trail with a string of jacks. Residents of Alma insisted that you could hear him when he left the Russia Mine, at close to 14,000 feet on the flank of Mount Lincoln. After Prunes became too feeble to move around, the Hoffmans shot and buried him, nearby.

AFTER that session at the Blue Light a committee went out to dig up the bones. Then under Rairdon's supervision, townspeople erected a crude, humble monument next to the saloon. Rock was cemented together for the strange cairn. Marbles spelled out "PRUNES," but youngsters around Fairplay stole the marbles as fast as they could be replaced. A simple inscription paid homage to the jack:

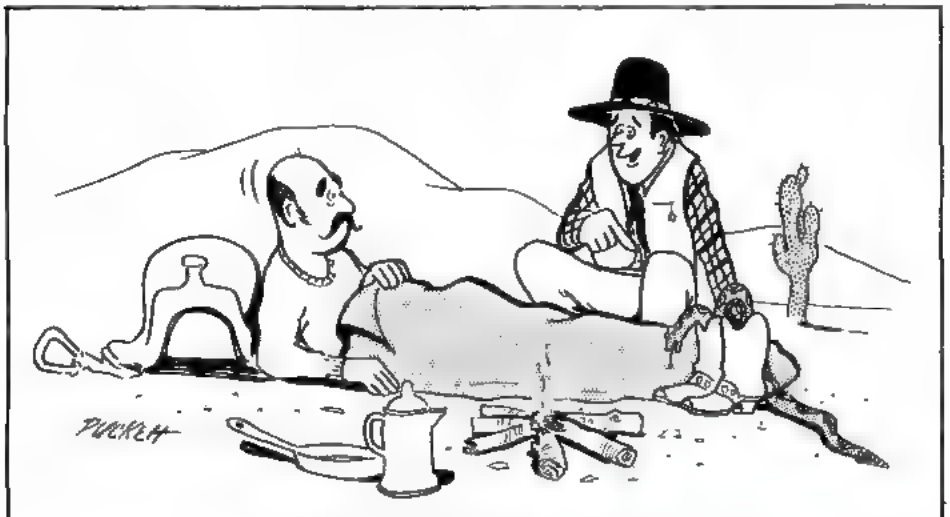
"Prunes—A Burro—1867-1930. Fairplay, Alma—All Mines in This District."

The dedication rites were held on May 30, 1930. Rube moped around, bereft by the loss of his "beloved companion." He freely reminisced about the times he and Prunes had prospected together and requested dolefully that he be buried close to Prunes when he died.

During his last months, Sherwood lived with Colonel Frank H. Mayer who was only one year his junior, having been born in 1850. Mayer was a colorful character also, and the bull sessions in his house must have been something to hear. Most of Mayer's life he had been a professional buffalo and market hunter, for a long time supplying fresh meat to the mining town of Leadville. Frontiersman Mayer saw a lot of country in his time before he settled down to writing.

When Mayer's wife died in Denver in 1921, he packed his wall tent, rifles and fishing gear and went to Fairplay for a two-weeks fishing trip. But he stayed for the rest of his life, dying in 1954 at the age of 104.

Sherwood died in 1931 at the age of eighty-two, and his ashes were placed just back of "his faithful companion of fifty years." Five hundred people attended the unusual funeral service.



"Poor critter crawled in your boot and committed suicide!"

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Colonel Mayer gave an eulogy on prospectors and jacks in general, and on Rube and Prunes in particular. Justice Ben C. Hilliard, Sr., of the Colorado Supreme Court, added more praise with an off-the-cuff speech.

Radio programs ballyhooed the tender story; newspapers and national magazines took it up; and eventually the story of the prospector and his burro snowballed into a legend. Almost everyone in Park County had some sidelights to add—and the creators of the hoax began to believe their own stories.

Many miners, of course, knew of the hoax. Jim Tiffany, my office partner for many years, gave me an inkling of the truth, which he heard from miners while he managed the Hilltop Mine in Fourmile Ampitheatre. Del Belcher of Central City, for many years with the U.S. Bureau of Mines, heard about the shenanigan while he worked at the Russia and London Mines.

Ed Snell, who still lives in Fairplay, knew the story. Raised in that country, Snell can point to any dump on the Mosquito Range and name the mine, as well as the individual or companies that worked the properties. He probably has crawled into every prospect pit and tunnel in the Alma District. Since his dad was known as Big Ed, he just naturally became Little Ed.

He and his dad used Prunes, for Big Ed ran a pack train for many years in and around Park County, as did Little Ed's Uncle Wilk. Little Ed recalled that in 1912 he went with his father to take Prunes to the Hock Hocking Mine, where the jack worked for a year or two, tramming ore from underground.

"Prunes was four years old in 1912," Snell told Bob Allen of Golden, Colorado and me, as we jeeped out to look at a mining prospect on Mount Bross. "Prunes worked in very few mines in this district, other than the Hock Hocking, but he did haul ore and supplies in several pack trains. Dad and Uncle Wilk used him many times."

According to Snell and Price Briscoe, Rube Sherwood never owned Prunes, never worked him, and probably couldn't have pointed him out in a herd.

"Rube actually did very little prospecting or mining," Snell said. "Most of his time was spent in promoting properties. Sometimes he wintered in a cabin north of London Mountain, trapping fox. He spent a lot of time at odd jobs, many times cooking for mining crews."

Price Briscoe's dad, Ben, grubstaked Sherwood for two or three summers while the old-timer puttered around the Oxide Vein, a short distance from his cabin. Sherwood had really winterized that cabin, for it had several layers of boards and tar paper. Once an old prospector stayed overnight with Sherwood and expressed some concern about going to sleep with a fire in the stove and the cabin so completely air-tight. Rube told him not to worry. As the two crawled into their bunks that night by the light of a miner's candle jabbed into the wall, Rube grabbed a piece of string near his

(Continued on page 54)

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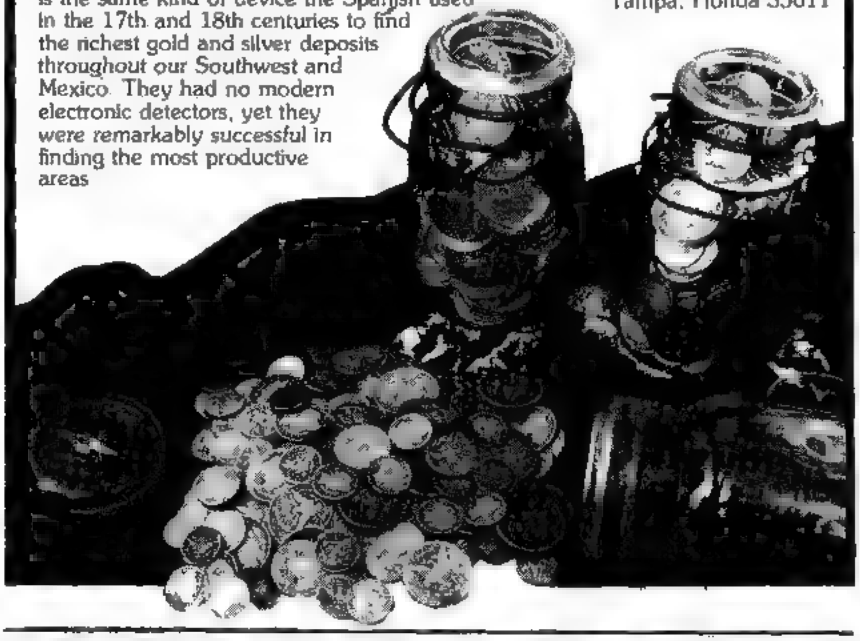

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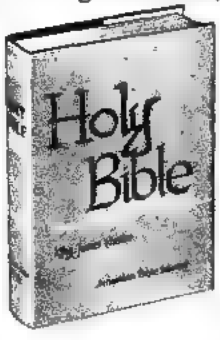

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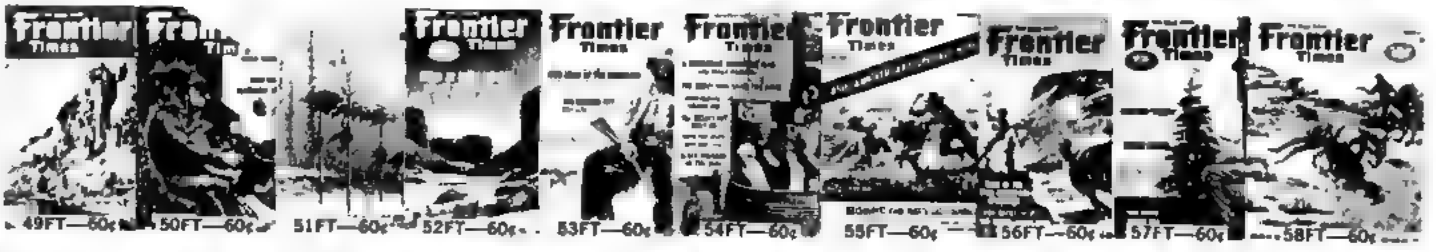

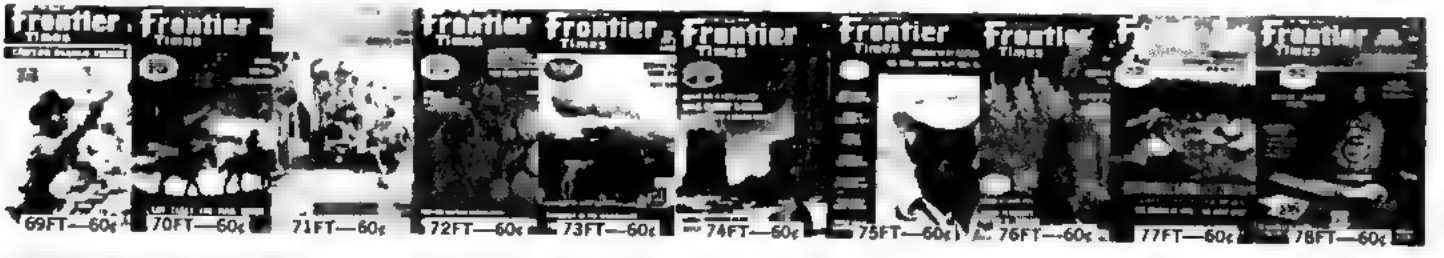

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bunk and pulled out a "watermelon plug" which let in plenty of air.

PROBABLY the most unlikely part of the Prunes story is the age ascribed to the jack. Burros are notably long-lived, but it is doubtful that any ever lived to the ripe old age of sixty-three, particularly if the majority of those years had been spent tramming ore from underground or hauling ore and supplies in a pack train. It is not uncommon for burros to live upwards of twenty years but seldom do they get to thirty.

But though the hoax of Prunes and Rube Sherwood may have "distorted" a bit of Colorado history, it didn't hurt anyone—and for once the prospector and his jack were given proper credit for their roles in the early mining camps.

Prunes, Rube Sherwood, Rairdon, and the Blue Light are gone now, and only the statue remains. But there is still another facet to the story of Prunes, and it sort of proves that the best-laid plans of men sometimes backfire. Price Briscoe and Dr. Robert Risk of Indianapolis, president of the Leadville Lead Corporation which still operates the Hilltop Mine, fill in the finish of the story.

Risk worked that particular summer on the Briscoe Ranch, just outside of Fairplay. Ben Briscoe had taken it upon himself to commission a young artist from the East, Margaret Brassler, who was vacationing near Fairplay, to make a plaque for the top of the monument, and asked Risk to round up several jacks and herd them down to the meadow so that the young lady could chose a suitable model. Risk drove the jacks down to the meadow and left.

As soon as the clay model was finished, a bronze plaque was cast and mounted, and a blanket thrown over the monument. Another unveiling was held, speeches read, and the blanket pulled. A mighty roar of laughter drowned out any further performance. For as anyone could, and can yet, plainly see, the young artist had chosen for her model, not a stalwart jack, but a pregnant jenny!

Death Dressed Up Like Hired Help

(Continued from page 23)

father did not seem able to control him; Carl lived with his mother and used to say that he never had a father.

Carl and Willy's first major crime that came to the attention of the authorities happened at Half Moon Lake Ranch located three miles south of the present town of Blaisdell, North Dakota. On the ranch were some sod buildings that had been built by some early-day squatter but were now deserted. The place was a favorite stop-over for wagon travelers who followed the east-west route along the Great Northern Railroad.

Napoleon LeMay was traveling from Williston to Bottineau, North Dakota seeking a place to locate a horse ranch when he stopped at the Half Moon Lake Ranch for rest and shelter. He was driving a new covered wagon pulled by a fine team of horses and was leading

several more head. His wallet was filled with money.

Carl and Willy were also traveling on that cold fall day. No one knows where from or where to, but they stopped at the ranch to spend the night. LeMay fed them and talked freely of his plans. Carl and Willy admired LeMay's fine horses and "offered to buy one of them," they later said. The horse was not for sale so Carl and Willy talked between themselves of other ways of acquiring the horse. The final decision was to acquire all of the horses and the wagon too.

THE NEXT morning when LeMay woke up, the boys were gone. He dressed and put on his heavy sheepskin-lined overcoat and went to the barn to feed his horses. When his large bulk was silhouetted in the doorway, several rifle shots boomed from the shadows of the stalls and LeMay's body fell lifeless in the doorway.

The young ruffians hurriedly stripped his pockets of valuables and then with a lariat around his feet, they dragged the body to a nearby open well and dumped it in. LeMay's farm machinery was thrown in on top of him. When their gruesome work was finished the boys cooked a breakfast of LeMay's food, then gathered up his possessions and headed south toward the McAlmond Ranch at the source of Shell Creek.

McAlmond, a bachelor, was not at home that day and his absence probably saved his life. Carl and Willy went into his house and began to cook their noon meal. My father was in the Shell Creek area that day and since McAlmond was his neighbor he stopped at the ranch also.

It was a common custom during the early days for any traveler to enter a ranch house and cook a meal if the owner was not at home. When my father arrived he found Willy and Carl there eating. My father knew them only as local cowboys but he was suspicious of their being in possession of the new wagon and fine horses. Since they were heavily armed with six-shooters and rifles and he was unarmed, he decided not to question them about it.

While he was getting his meal he noticed that there was a lot of whispered conversation between the two young punchers. His decision not to question them was a good one because it came out later at Carl's trial that "if Sikes had asked any nosy questions, we would have bumped him off and taken his horse, too."

When Carl and Willy left the McAlmond Ranch they divided their loot and separated. Where Carl went no one knows but Willy took the covered wagon and his share of the horses and went to the Cooper Ranch on the Little Knife five miles south of the Sikes and Carroll Ranch.

Willy knew John Cooper from his schooldays in Minot but Cooper did not know about Willy's recent crime spree. Willy had a wife and a few small children at Williston and he brought them to the Cooper Ranch while he was holed up there for the winter. My father was the first postmaster of the new little town of Stanley and he used to take all of the mail for the cowboys and ranchers who lived farther south, to his ranch and it was picked up there.

While Willy was at Cooper's he used to come to our ranch to pick up his mail. He always wore a six-shooter strapped low on his leg, gunslinger fashion, and he strutted and swaggered around trying to give the impression that he was a bad hombre. He got the message over. One day he had a new (large size) pair of corduroy pants that he tried to sell to my father at a bargain. It was a pair that he had taken from LeMay.

WHEN SPRING came to the prairies in 1902, Willy began to get itchy feet. Too, he was probably running out of easy money. When John Cooper got up to do his chores on Easter Sunday morning, there was no Willy around. He had deserted his wife and children, taken his covered wagon and skipped out.

But before the summer was over he was in the news again. One hot summer evening Thomas Walsh, a Willow City farmer, had pulled his cot up close to the screen door of his cabin where he could get the benefit of a slight breeze, and was soon sleeping soundly.

Willy Ross had been in the area for several days and had admired Walsh's horses and wagon. When Willy got to admiring a man's horse, that man's life was in danger.

Willy approached the cabin after Walsh had gone to sleep and by the light of a bright moon, he lined up the sights of the rifle on the sleeping man beyond the screen door. The first shot merely tore the skin of the victim's stomach, and Walsh jumped from his bed. Ross' second shot hit a vital spot and Walsh was dead.

Willy didn't bother to dispose of the body. He just took the team and wagon and some loose horses and started out across the prairies to find a buyer for his newly acquired booty.

When Walsh's body was found by neighbors they remembered seeing a stranger in the area with a white lock of hair over his right ear. Trackers soon picked up the trail of the wagon and it was located near Towner, North Dakota in the possession of Willy Ross, white lock of hair over the right ear and all.

Since the crime was committed in Bottineau County, Ross was taken to the town of Bottineau for trial. He was speedily tried and sentenced to be hanged.

When the time was getting short for Ross, he embraced the Catholic faith and confessed to a Catholic priest that he had had a small part in the killing of Napoleon LeMay at Half Moon Lake south of Blaisdell a year earlier. He also implicated his former buddy, Carl Hanson.

Sheriff Carroll was notified and Carl Hanson was picked up. A posse was organized consisting of Sheriff Carroll, Judge Murray, Uncle Charley Weagant, and several other Minot men. They journeyed to Blaisdell and to Half Moon Lake Ranch. They found the ranch occupied by a tall jovial Westerner named

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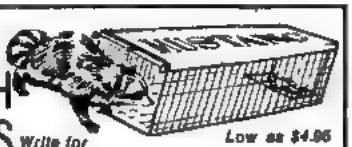

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GIVE IT TO A FRIEND!

Forrest Rice. When they inquired about an old well, Rice pointed out a spot a short distance from the old barn.

"When I took up squatter's rights on this ranch, there was an old well there. I started to clean it out but it had been filled up with old machinery so I dug another one nearby."

The sheriff's men went to work cleaning out the well and they found LeMay's body in the bottom. His heavy coat was pulled up over his head and the upper part of the body was in a fair state of preservation. Identification was easy.

Carl Hanson was then tried for his part in LeMay's murder. He stoutly denied that he was present when Willy had murdered LeMay but he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Willy Ross was not as lucky. He was dropped to his death on the gallows at Bottineau on March 6, 1903. Ross was the last person to be legally executed in North Dakota because a few years later the state legislature passed a law against capital punishment.

After serving about seven years of his sentence Carl Hanson was let out on good behavior. He came back to Minot looking for work.

When my father and mother were married in November of 1902, Sikes and Carroll dissolved their partnership and Hal Prose was put in charge of Carroll's holdings. Prose told me one time of his last meeting with Carl Hanson.

"I came in contact with him a short time after he was released from prison. We had wintered some horses for Walter Shaw, a Minot man. We put them down on the Indian reservation around the old Haldreth horse camp which Carroll had charge of and I was looking after. Come spring, Shaw sent Carl Hanson, who had just returned from the pen, out to trail the horses back to Minot.

"It was about twelve miles to the horse camp from the ranch, so we had to spend the night there. Carl didn't have a bed roll and I had to bunk with him. I was glad when morning came and I didn't have my throat cut!"

Carl later moved away and stayed the remainder of his life, although he was in Minot on a visit as late as 1925.

When the homesteaders began to settle the prairies in great numbers in 1902, the troublemakers moved on and the prairies became a safe place to live.

Mama's Gone to Sit on a Jury

(Continued from page 14)

A half century later a person closely associated with the case revealed that the jury was badly divided on the first ballot. One vote—the minister's wife—was for murder in the first degree. Two women voted for murder in the second degree and three women for manslaughter. Three men voted for manslaughter and the other three men, not guilty. Mrs. Hartsough sat knitting, muttering from time to time, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Attorneys for the defense admitted later they thought the women would be soft-hearted and lenient toward their tall, handsome, blue-eyed client. But though they shed tears, the women finally agreed on a verdict of manslaughter. Judge Howe sentenced Howie to a term of ten years at hard labor. Two years later he was pardoned and all trace of him was lost.

Many other civil and criminal cases were tried during this long and arduous term of court. Laramie's citizens were of the opinion that in each case there was equal, impartial and exact justice.

As a result of this so-called "Wyoming Experiment," many prominent people visited there, among them Susan B. Anthony, a leader in the National Woman Suffrage Association.

Still, the idea of women on the jury was not on firm ground. When in the fall of 1871 Judge Howe retired from the bench due to ill health, his successor ruled that jury duty was not an adjunct to suffrage. Wyoming women did not serve again on juries until 1950.

Lost Hofus Mine

(Continued from page 30)

hardcases and running afoot, was fired on. As the rifle shot crashed and echoed on the air he flung himself into the safety of the rocks. Obviously the close shot was meant only to discourage him from continuing to track.

Taking cover also, the hardcases waited. The heat of day droned on without any more gunfire. Finally the Indian crawled out of the rocks.

From that spot on, no tracks of any kind could be found proceeding up the canyon. Yet it didn't seem possible that man and burros could have ascended from the defile via either wall.

The Indian and the hardcases cut circles in the rugged canyon. Eventually the faintest of traces revealed where a man and animals had actually gone up over a fault to the rim. Shortly beyond this point all sign in the almost impassable terrain on top was lost. The Indian refused to go any farther.

"Him come down some way," he declared positively. "Next time him shoot, him kill."

No amount of inducement could make the Indian change his mind and, unable to pick up the trail themselves, the angry hardcases withdrew and paid him off.

Other men who tried to trace Hofus to his secret mine failed also. He was far too cunning to be followed.

DURING the summer of 1890 word drifted back to Alma that Hofus had sold more gold in Silver City. He had left $1,500 on deposit with a storekeeper; however, he'd carried away much more than that.

Shortly afterward a curious rumor originated in Cooney. The story went that some hardcases, unable to track Hofus, lurked in wait and as he came out of the mountains the next time, they killed him from ambush in pure spite. Several men who had known Hofus tried to trace the story to its source. One of them was James Chapin Meader, best known as "Pat." He was the first settler at Mogollon, having come there from

(Continued on page 60)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

THE COMANCHE

Comanche Days (Southern Methodist University Press, $6.95) by Albert S. Gilles, Sr., tells of the author's experiences among this tribe after 1902, a quarter of a century after the U. S. Army had subdued these once powerful horseback Indians. His reminiscences add many new facts about the lives of these captive plainsmen whose life history is too little known. The tribe belongs to the Shoshonean linguistic group which includes Utes, Goshutes, Piutes and Shoshones. After considerable wandering they settled in a *Comancheria* that included the Texas Panhandle and western Oklahoma as far east as Fort Sill. Gilles was a youthful clerk in his father's general store at Faxon, Oklahoma, presently a ghost town, located about twenty miles south of the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge west of Fort Sill. The Gilles store was established to trade with the influx of white homesteaders but the family inherited a large Comanche trade because it treated these Indians courteously, a favor not offered by most traders to red natives. A retired lawyer of over seventy years of age, Gilles gives the reader his understanding of tribal customs, culture and While-Indian relationships. He met the lingering remnants of old warriors including their famous chief, Quanah Parker, half-white son of Cynthia Ann Parker who was kidnapped as a child by Comanche raiders in Texas. Seeking grazing favors, the owner of the famous Burnett ranch in Texas built a huge frame block house for Parker on his allotment on a bluestem prairie on West Cache Creek south of the Wichita Wildlife Refuge. We visited there with Mrs. Neda Birdsong, youngest living daughter of the great chief, and saw many photos and other memorabilia given her by her father. There is much of interest in this book which contains one of the best reviews we have seen of Indian polygamy, plus a definition of Indian medicine. Recommended.

FRONTIER FOODS

Gourmets can add 300 genuine historical recipes to their collection by owning a copy of *Manna—Foods of the Frontier* (101 Production, $6.95 cloth, $2.95 paperback) by Gertrude Harris with numerous drawings by Heidi Palmer. The author, a lady of many talents, quotes that game should be bought with "fur and feathers visible." There are recipes for many homemade drinks, both soft and medium hard. There are eye-catching formulas for breads such as: rice bread, salt rising, sourdough, and a medley of different ways to make cornbread. We were delighted to see that Tobey's Gumbo Filé was included as well as a variety of different methods of preparing eggs, fish, fresh meat, cured meat, vegetables, sauces, pickles and preserves, dairy products, desserts, plus a bonus of how to make soap and candles. Drawings relating to old-fashioned cookery add a note of novelty and taste to this unusual cookbook.

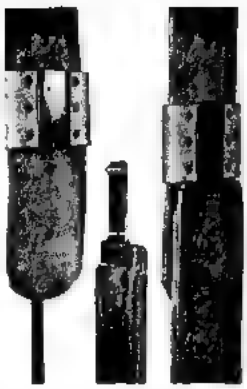
DON'T CALL IT FRISCO!

San Francisco — 1846-1856 — From Hamlet to City (Oxford University Press, $12.50) by Roger W. Lotchin, presents a sharp profile of our legendary metropolis by the Golden Gate. One thousand people lived there in 1849 but population jumped to fifty thousand ten years later. It grew without order or plan, but present-day "instant" cities lack the distinctive coloration of the growing young San Francisco which rose from a squalid tent village to a well structured metropolis in a decade. Seldom has a town been peopled with so many diverse races. Celestials, Negroes, Indians and Chilenos were treated to the seamy side of life, characteristic of that handed out to minorities. Numerous budding political parties vied for supremacy. Though vigilante law, murders, robberies, prostitution and arson brought bigger headlines than benevolent pursuits, the author points out that the good was greater than the bad. Burgeoning law and order, civic improvements, and educational as well as religious developments triumphed over the city's lurid beginnings. Brilliant research and writing make this book an unusual contribution to regional history. Recommended.

BIG BEND

Big Bend, A Homesteader's Story (reprinted by the University of Texas Press, $7.50) by J. O. Langford with Fred Gipson who skillfully described the charming nostalgic reminiscences of this unique Texas pioneering family. Half dead from repetitious malarial attacks, J. O. Langford, with his patient pregnant wife and

(Continued on page 64)



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Lost Hofus Mine

(Continued from page 57)

Prescott, Arizona after 1864.

Believing that Hofus had been killed, Meader organized a small party and set forth into the mountains east of Pleasanton in an attempt to find and bury his body. Three weeks were spent searching before the Meader party was forced to give up.

Then, to the astonishment of everyone, Hofus showed up in late August in Mogollon with his burros for supplies. When informed of the false report he grinned faintly. Apparently he considered it foolish for anybody to believe that he would carelessly fall into a crude ambush.

The amount of rope Hofus bought indicated a very deep shaft. Later when the facts came out, it was even deeper than anyone imagined. Hofus had more than two coils of rope. The simplest means of working a deep shaft was with a windless mounted on a headframe. This required someone on top to handle the windlass. Just how Hofus could possibly put down a deep shaft alone was a puzzle. In fact none of the prospectors believed it possible.

In December 1891 the mystery was explained. A young man of twenty-two appeared in Pleasanton to catch a stage for the outside. Having to wait a brief time that morning for the Mogollon stage to arrive enroute to Silver City, he liquored up a little. According to his story he had worked for two years for an "old codger" in the mountains. The old man originally contacted him in Silver City, taking him directly to the mine.

Though a greenhorn from the East, still he learned mining quickly. And because he would make a good stake—about triple miners' daily wages—he agreed to stay at the diggings without going down to any of the valley towns until he was ready to return home.

What was more, he had been taken to the mine over one route and brought out by another. Totally unfamiliar with the surroundings he had no idea where the mine was located. He described a sort of bench or plateau surrounded by sharp-peaked mountains. He and his boss had taken turns working below, although the young one did most of the labor.

The old man descended to drill all the holes, tamp in the powder and fire the fuses. After every clean-up he investigated to decide where to blast next. Sometime during the first year a tunnel was started, following a fissure so rich in gold it could just be scraped off into the bucket and hauled up.

When the vein began playing out and before tunneling another, all the ore except that breaking free of quartz was left below. According to the young man, his boss had said the cast-aside ore could be processed when they ran out of raw gold.

It could be broken off in large pieces, some in wire and plate form. This recovery actually required little work. After each blast much of it was "shelled" out. Breaking a large piece of quartz usually freed whatever gold it contained.

Apparently the young man had no comprehension of what gold was worth. He did not seem to realize that a few buckets of raw gold from the tunnels represented a small fortune. In that respect he was still a greenhorn.

After two years at the mine he'd concluded that he had enough money coming to return home. In addition to providing his keep for those two years, the old man not only paid off, but gave him a buckskin sack containing fifteen pounds of the yellow metal. This he had in his rolled blanket bundle and showed it proudly.

The bartenders and the loungers were not overly impressed because every week they saw many times that amount.

"That mine is 400' deep," the talkative youth explained. "The tunnels were cut in from the sides. The old codger followed a narrow vein of solid gold that pitched straight down into the earth. It kept widening out and getting better. At 400' it broke apart in leads on an almost horizontal plane."

Suddenly the stage clattered noisily to a stop before the mercantile store. Tossing off his last drink the young man exclaimed excitedly, "There's the coach now. I'll head out and be home in less than a week. Won't my folks be surprised when I return so rich!"

"Hey, young feller!" the bartender called after him. "Who did you say was the man you worked for in the mountains?"

"The old codger called himself Breck Hofus!" the boy replied, hurrying outside as if fearful of missing the stage.

THE THREE MEN at the bar had heard of Hofus, but the fact that he had a deep mine meant nothing to them until that afternoon when four prospectors came to town for flour, salt and beans. Ready to depart for the mountains again they stepped into the saloon to take one for the trail. Just to make conversation the bartender told them about the young Easterner going home after having worked two long years in a mine 400' deep. In his youthful ignorance he was returning home a wealthy man—but Hofus, the bartender said, must be bringing out gold by the ton.

The horny-handed prospectors listened in deep silence. When the bartender finished one asked almost casually where the mine was that the young man had described. The bartender gave him what few facts had been mentioned. The mine was on a bench, a plateau-like one, surrounded by high peaks of the great range.

A few minutes later the prospectors withdrew, grouping in the dirt road to discuss something at length. Apparently they threw together to make a quick hunt. Separating to get their burros packed, they met on the east side of town. The four then struck off together for the higher elevations. Only one of them had unwisely talked—to the storekeeper where he went to load his burro from the rear of the store.

Hardly were the prospectors on their way than the storekeeper told the first person he saw. Within the hour the news was spreading fast.

By the next day prospectors were dropping everything else and heading for the range east of Pleasanton looking for the plateau on which Hofus worked his mine. They came from Cooney, Mogollon, Alma, and a few days later from Silver City also.

Others, desiring more details, hurried south to Silver City hoping to overtake the young man who had actually worked in the secret mine. But when they arrived he had already departed.

At Mogollon, Meader and several friends took a suspicious view of the Easterner's story. They couldn't imagine a young guy being willing to remain two years at the mine without coming out to celebrate. More likely he had accidentally stumbled onto Hofus, discovered him with all that gold and shot him down.

Again they formed a party, entering the mountains intent on finding out whether or not Hofus was alive. Running into prospectors almost everywhere, several times they paused long enough to talk with them.

Their suspicions when stated aroused considerable doubt. The bartender and the loungers who had heard the young man talk were questioned closely. All they came up with was that the boy had appeared honest, reliable, and spoke with sincerity.

Evidently Hofus no longer had any help, and a man to work in the mine or handle the windlass at the headframe was a must. He would surely be hiring someone else soon. Most prospectors began leaving the mountains, some stationing themselves at various valley towns where Hofus might show up to acquire another helper. Among those who remained in the mountains were hardcases bent on mischief if they ran across him. Meader and his friends were eventually forced to abandon their search. Hofus and his secret mine had seemingly vanished into nowhere.

When Meader and his six friends passed Sacaton Mountain, reaching Dry Creek at a regular crossing, they noticed the tracks of two burros with a man walking behind them.

"Now, I wonder if that could be Breck and he ain't gone under after all?" Meader voiced his sudden thought.

"We'll soon find out," a friend replied. "Whoever he was, he crossed here about an hour ago."

Elated by the possibility that Hofus was alive, the party hurried on over the regular trail out of the mountains. Two

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miles along, the men heard the crash of gunfire ahead. There was a brief silence, then it thundered anew.

Speeding up, the party rode forward. As the rifle blasts grew louder they discovered that whatever was going on was occurring off on the north side. They approached warily, taking cover in the rocks and timber.

AT LEAST four men were crouched down on the near side, and an unknown number on the other. They would aim, fire and fall flat behind cover, then do it all over again. Trying to figure out what went on, Meader's group wisely remained concealed.

A man nearby lifted his rifle over the rock behind which he lay and fired. From the pile of boulders and some brush in the center of the surround, a heavy rifle crashed. The man in sight rolled over on his back, certainly dead.

About then one of Meader's friends discovered a burro wearing a pack saddle, to the northeast. When he pointed it out, Meader started and stared harder. "Ain't no doubt about it!" he exclaimed. "That's one of Breck's jennies."

While another gun crash echoed Meader and his friends dismounted and moved in afoot with rifles ready. The bunch after Hofus suspected nothing until bullets began whining around their ears from the rear. That stopped them from shooting and within seconds they crawled into other cover and took off, leaving two dead men behind. The first one had been killed earlier by Hofus.

As silence fell over the scene Meader yelled loudly, "It's us, Breck! Jim Meader and some of your friends."

Hofus came into view unharmed, waving an arm. Collecting two burros he mounted one and came down to join them.

"Some toughs tried to bushwhack me," he explained unconcernedly. "Spotted them in time to make me a right good stand-off."

Of course they had been after his mine, but Hofus made no reference to the obvious. He rode into Pleasanton with the party, treated them to drinks and a restaurant meal, and tended to some business. Apparently no one tried to follow him back into the mountains two days later when he departed.

ONCE MORE the mountain range emptied of disgruntled prospectors and hardcases. Hofus was let alone, or so his friends imagined. Several months passed before they realized that he had not come into any of the river valley towns for supplies. Nor, so far as they knew, had he hired a helper.

When winter ended Hofus was expected to appear any time. He did not do so. It was then that only one conclusion could be drawn. Hofus had departed from the district or was dead somewhere in the mountains.

In an effort to learn whether or not he'd pulled out and told no one of his intentions, Meader went down to Silver City. His money on deposit at a store was still there. Surely Hofus would not have left the country without picking it up. Yet no evidence was uncovered to

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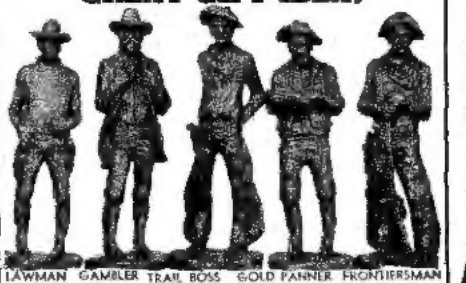

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solve the riddle of what happened to him.

As years went by, tales of his rich secret mine grew in volume. It came to be known as the Hofus of the Lost Lead. Many men hunted for it futilely.

Finally in 1909 George Rowe of Glenwood (a new town since Hofus' time) reported that he found Hofus' old shaft. This news item appeared in *The Mogollon Mines*, in November of that year:

"Mr. George Rowe has found the Lost Lead, or the Hofus mine. The vein when found was blind, there being no evidence of its existence visible except pieces of float, or blossom rock, found on the surface in a big mountain slide.

"The earliest discovery was made by Hofus, who was very energetic and sank a shaft 400 feet with a windlass. Crosscutting for a vein was not in his line and he continued sinking the shaft. He left the country about twenty years ago never to return.

"The location is three miles east of Pleasanton, and the mountain on which the newly found lead was discovered is covered with prospect holes, and unless one is well acquainted with the locality he may find it a difficult and dangerous undertaking to walk over the ground at night.

"Mr. Rowe is highly elated over his find, and well he may be, since if all reports are true, which emanate from the locality in question, there is an immense fortune awaiting him. The find is near the head of Hofus Canyon which empties into the 'Frisco River near Goddard's ranch. Work at the present time is being prosecuted dilligently and as soon as there is an accumulation of ore sufficient for shipment, it will be sent to the nearest smelting plant for treatment."

Alas for Rowe's glowing plans and fond dreams, the mining venture soon fizzled out. Prospectors took off all surface gold which had been exposed by a mountain slide, and went on their way.

Even at the time of Rowe's discovery, few believed that he had actually found Hofus' secret mine. Today's lost mine hunters are certain that he didn't. Maybe a slide did cover it, but for sure Hofus' secret mine is still somewhere in those mountains.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 59)

an eighteen-month-old daughter, were toted in an ore wagon from Alpine, Texas to their future home at some hot springs by the Rio Grande. In ten days, two friendly Mexicans, with four spans of burros, deposited the Langfords at the mouth of Tornillo Creek where it empties into the Rio Grande near the hot springs. The father had bought, sight unseen, three sections of land from the Texas land office. Fred Gipson, author of *Old Yeller* and *Hound Dog Man*, has written an earthy remarkable book about this plucky family that began with nine strikes against it and out-finagled fate and created a health spa at Hot Springs which made a new man of the father. The springs cured the wheezing rheumatic bodies of numerous customers who were baptized in its waters and healed in the hot purified air along the Rio Grande. Now an oiled road carries a motorist safely down to abandoned Hot Springs which has become part of the handsome Big Bend National Park with its headquarters roosting high in the Chisos (Ghost) Mountains. A visitor going there should read *Big Bend, A Homesteader's Story* in order to appreciate this scenic trip.

INDIAN LORE

Those who enjoy Indian poetry may want a copy of *Like Spirits of the Past Trying to Break Out and Walk to the West* (A Wowapi Book, 2930 Girard Northeast, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, $3.50) by Minerva Allen, a young Assiniboine who lives on the Fort Belknap Reservation in northeastern Montana. Since original Indians were Nature's children, they venerated plants, animals, sun, moon and stars, subjects of many of their legends. Minerva Allen's poems deal with the past when her tribesmen lived on buffalo, deer, antelope and elk. They tell how her people dwelled in skin tipis and were transported on horses before white men began invading Indian grazing lands. The booklet ends with a brief story of Indian youths in their new environment of hot-rods, home brew, profanity and smuggling.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 3)

I would be interested in the story. The title of the story was "A Complete Wipe-Out" by Neil Rounds. I at one time owned a ranch six miles west of the Beer Mug Ranch, which appears on page 17 of the same issue. My brothers still ranch in that area.

My father, who passed on, knew many of the people that Neil Rounds mentioned in the story when they were in Wyoming. However, after they reached South Dakota, all contact was lost until I read your magazine. My father came to Carbon, Wyoming, a ghost town now in 1880 and knew all the other ranchers.

I would like to know if anyone knows what happened to Missouri John Massingale.—Charles A. Kortes, 508 4th Street Rawlins, Wyoming 82301

CORRECTION NOTICE

The handgun shown on page 32 of the August '74 TRUE WEST issue did not belong to Frank Jackson as the caption states. The author has informed us that gun belonged to Lute Jackson. This was entirely our error, and we are happy to report that our TW caption writer has gotten himself a new pair of "specs."

The Rebus Puzzles

Regarding "Wild Old Days" (June 1974 issue) and Schultz's Star Soap, it's not hard to see that whoever drew those rebus puzzle clues was also responsible for the hastily executed cut of Mr. Vogle and the fabricated photo of Smiley Stillson—J. O., that is. It goes to show that advertising "con" was not born yesterday. There is no doubt though, that it is art. A masterpiece in its own right. They had to work harder then to get the message across. Just study those drawings. Consummate artistry, for certain. I loved every bit of it. Thank you and Louise Riotte.—Mike Sherlock, 906 Mary, Copperas Cove, Texas 76522

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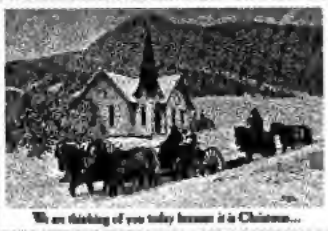

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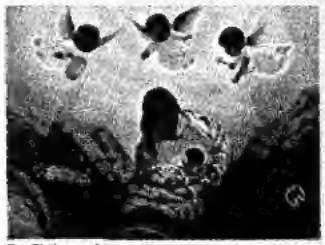

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